

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY

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MILLIONS ARE MADE—REVENUES UP-HELD, BUT, OH! THE COST.

DAILY MESSAGES

From the Syriac Version of the New Testament.

SUNDAY.—Therefore, we pray . . . that God . . . would fill you . . . with the works of faith by power. II Thess. I. 2.

Monday.—He shall come . . . to display His wonders in His faithful ones. II Thess. I. 10.

Tuesday.—God called you . . . that ye might be the glory to our Lord Jesus, the Messiah. II Thess. II. 14.

Wednesday.—Persevere in the precepts which ye have been taught. II Thess. II. 15.

Thursday.—Henceforth, pray ye . . . that the word of our Lord may in every place run and be glorified. II Thess. III. 1.

Friday.—Let it not be wearisome to you to do what is good. II Thess. III. 13.

Saturday.—He rose much before others, and retired to a solitary place, and there prayed. Mark I. 35.

UP-TO-DATE FACTS OF THE FIGHT.

"BOAST NOT THYSELF OF TOMORROW, FOR THOU KNOWEST NOT WHAT A DAY MAY BRING FORTH." Prov. xxvii. 1.

FATHER SCOTT, of Fargo, seventy-four years of age, who has only been saved some nine weeks, and who was on his way to Valley City, met an old acquaintance of his and immediately talked to him about his soul. The man, of course, admitted that salvation was the right thing to have, but thought that there was lots of time for him, he would get saved some other time.

When Father Scott returned from Camp Meetings he of course went back to the same way he came, and to his great sorrow the awful news met him that the same man was being got ready for burial.

"IN SUCH AN HOUR AS YE THINK NOT," ETC.

THESE words were terribly fulfilled in D—. A young man who was employed in the tile yard was engaged in fixing a belt—a part of the machinery, when all at once he was caught in the belt and hurled round and round in a frightful manner.

He was killed instantly and his body mangled in a terrible condition.

What makes this incident more sad is the fact that he had been attending our meetings for a long time, and had often been dealt with about his soul.

When time was given him to be careful, but it seemed all in vain.

Last Sunday evening he was in the meeting and stayed till the close, but would not yield, though I pleaded and entreated and warned everyone faithfully, and did all in my power, to get the people to decide for Christ, but he, with many others, went away unsaved. It is evident Sunday night was his last chance. God took him at his word, for though he may not have said that his life would be saved, yet by his actions he did, and God takes people's actions as soon as their words.

The lesson on Sunday night was "Belshazzar's Feast and the Hand Writing on the Wall" (Dan. v.) What a sad thing to think this morning that that young man had been weighed in the balances so soon.

Sinner, you have often done the same as that young man. You have put off salvation time and again.

Your last chance is coming!

Will you be found wanting when weighed in the balances? Oh, turn now, Jesus will save you if you are sincere and surrender all.—H. Liston, Captain.

CONSISTENCY IS ABOUT AS SCARCE IN THE WORLD AS MUSK IN A DOG-KENNEL.

THE ASTRONOMY OF HOLINESS

By ARTHUR BOOTH-CLIBBORN, COMMISSIONER.

ENTIRE sanctification—the state described in this pamphlet is, therefore, nothing fantastic or mystic. It is a natural and a necessary state. It is the condition of true happiness. It is attained by the surrender to every condition of life. The experience described here can be lived by the factory girl behind the loom, or by the merchant in his office, provided they put God first in all things. It is the life of faith—it is to "live in love." Has God commanded less? Has He promised less? Dare we decide to obey LESS FULLY than this or let ourselves be possessed less completely than this by Him who is LOVE?

There is no fatality about either the obtaining or retaining of this experience. It can be lost by doubt and disobedience as it is gained by the obedience of faith. It will be lost by any diminution in the absolute character of the surrender.

Perfect Love is Perfect Common Sense.

Perfect love is, therefore, the perfection of common sense, and the most practical life.

Holiness implies among other things absolute faithfulness and straightforwardness. It implies that we love truth for its own sake and not for its rewards either internal or external. It requires perfect truth in the inward parts—even true THINKING—honest, pure, true, loving THOUGHTS. To be truly holy is to be wholly true.

Holiness is absolute in all its obligations.

It implies the absolute forgiveness of all injuries, the absolute loving of all enemies. The Christian who wishes for heart-holiness is under obligation to confess the smallest wrong he has done to his brother without ever asking his brother to forgive anything, even had the latter wronged him ten thousand times more. And why?—Because in holiness, men is shut up to, finding

again lost souls, as lost to earth, as once were to heaven; and to be "dead to the world though living therein." There are two kinds of lost souls, those who are lost in sin and self, and those who are lost in God.

It is the latter who are alone at liberty, and can go to the rescue of the former, and die daily; in some form or other, for their salvation. They and they alone can love all mankind. Equally free from seeking earth's approbation or from resenting earth's crucifixion, they occupy a position of inward impartiality and independence which enables them to see clear and walk straight. Thus crucified to the world, they have power for its salvation; for Pentecost comes not before but after Calvary.

Through Death to Life.

Through death to life is the universal law. The leaves which protect the bud die off to give place to the flower, the flower dies to give place to the fruit. The fruit calls into the ground and dies in order to multiply and appear in the new crop.

To-morrow's day-light is only attained through the night. The summer is only reached through the winter. It is only on dead stars like our planet—those which have burnt out—that life can flower.

This death consists in the constant surrender of all the best of everything we have—under the law of love—for the progress of the true life on earth. It means the surrender of the most legitimate affections and possessions, at the call of the interests of the Kingdom of God.

It is the universal law under which the tree yields its choicest fruit ungrudgingly unto death, as the only means of raising the harvest.

For life to work in the sinner dead must work in the apostle, and our converts will be only worth exactly what

Ye shall not afflict any widow, or fatherless child. If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry; and my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword; and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherless.

EXODUS XXII., 21-24.

they cost US—what they cost our natural "life"—and self and preferences and love of ease, and fear of suffering for it is only in the measure in which we sacrifice that we can have POWER, our Pentecost will be in exact proportion to our Calvary, and the quality of our converts will be according to the intensity of our Pentecost.

There is, therefore, no such thing as "evangelizing" without evangelistic sacrifice, cross-bearing, self-denial, struggling and suffering for the salvation of the lost, poverty, rejection and manifold "Cakes" of death inward and outward. Religion is only worth what it costs. Converts, too, CAN only be worth what they cost. Those who cost US nothing are worthless. Those who ever there is a REAL convert be sure SOMEONE has had to sacrifice himself.

There has been no Calvary there can be no salvation. Where no corn of wheat has fallen into the ground and died can be no crop. This is true not only of the physical, but also of those who carry His salvation to others—their message will have LIFE in it just to the degree in which they love not only the "lost," but "them," and consent to die daily "for His sake and the Gospel's."

It is not that what Paul meant when he said "I always wearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus" the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body.

For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh.

So then death worketh in us, but life in you.

By the Cross—the Universal Center.

Many can, no doubt, testify, like myself, that their baptisms have not been received so much by being sought as through some act of endurance or crucifixion, some act of uttermost surrender to the cross, some fearless march in faithful obedience, in which they draw down the men or of all events, in their determination to obey God utterly and serve mankind absolutely. Such was my experience twenty years ago and often since. As children of Abraham we are called to let go the world and all human beings as he did, in order to belong to God alone and draw down His pilgrims along the highway of our faith and strangers. Nothing seems to me better fitted to illustrate this life of power, this life of liberty from all that is "of the carnal earth," this Abraham-like life than the homeless, heartless, strengthless, sightless, solitary lot of the stars and worlds of space. Yes, it was upon THEM that God brought Abraham out to look upon Him. He was about to show him the secret of the multiplication of the race of the sons of God on earth: death to the world and the absolute surrender of ourselves, our loved ones, our ALL to the interests of the Kingdom of God here below.

Those alone who accept absolutely, as Abraham did, the law of attraction, those stars (the law of attraction as perfectly symbolic of the law of love) can it be said "thy seed shall be as numerous as the stars."

And who can sever the Divine bond of spiritual attraction which we call LOVE? Who can separate us from the love of Christ, or who can unite human beings or keep them united by any other bond than Divine love? Who can bind the sweet bonds which unite the Pleiades? Who can loose the bonds that bind Orion together? Who can break the unseen and universal bond of attraction which keeps all planets and even all stars, however distant, in their appointed orbits in the sphere? What can conquer that most mighty passion of the universe: LOVE?

Of many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it. The stake and the fire, not even the glare of the 100,000 eyes which flashed on the martyrs in the Roman Coliseum, have ever quenched or drowned love. It is the mightiest passion of the universe. It—attraction—is the fundamental law which holds all together. All yields to it—ALL but rebellious man.

It is the secret of Calvary. Christ came to restore the law in man and thus bring him back to heaven here below and hereafter. And we are all called to offer up our earthly lives to the same blood object. Thus WE ALSO shall wield over that irresistible attraction which love, humility, and self-sacrifice, ever exercise and whose "sweet influence" nothing can "bind" or "loose," create or destroy. Men of sacrifice exercise the highest power in the world. And this is the secret of the highest of all the thrones of this world and the universal center of attraction.

(To be continued).

Handy Hints for Health and Home.

Two pounds of powdered alum put into three quarts of boiling water and stirred until dissolved. This mixture soaked in with a brush in the joints and crevices of rooms, will destroy those disgusting pests—bugs.

Bubble-and-Squeak.—Cut cold beef in slices about half an inch thick. Fry till heated through and of a light brown color. Drain off the fat. Chop up some cold vegetables, fry these in the pan, stirring well and seasoning with pepper and salt. Serve altogether on a dish.

Vegetable Savoury.—For this dish quite quantities of potatoes and Spanish onions are required; cut them up and season with pepper and salt. Put them in a saucepan and add a little butter and cook till they are tender. No water is required, but the vegetables should be stirred occasionally.

For Sore Eyes.—A handful of double parsley, put in a pint of water, boiled and allowed to simmer until it is reduced to half a pint. Strain into a bottle. To use, pour a little in a saucer and bathe the eyes with a piece of lint. Repeat as often as necessary, using fresh liquid and rag each time.

(Our Serial.)

EVELYN'S VICTORY.

By BRIGADIER COMPLIN.

CHAPTER IV.

It did indeed seem as if that meeting was designed especially for Evelyn, and the Spirit of God brought home to her heart very powerfully that night the words of the Gospel to the effect that he who is not willing to forsake father, mother, brothers, sisters, and home for Christ's sake and the Gospel, is not worthy to be His disciple, and she will respond obediently. A new flood of light and power came upon her, and she was confirmed in her purpose to follow the leading of God's Spirit, young as she was.

She well understood the state of mind of those she so dearly loved at home, and it was like tearing out her heart-strings to so continually thwart every kind effort they made, as they thought, for her welfare, but she saw clearly the finger of the Lord pointing out her path, and she left the consequences with God, resolved to be obedient at all costs.

By-and-by the meeting closed, and Evelyn made her way home. Previous to her connection with the Salvation Army she would have been able to slip in the house as she so desired, unnoticed, but now the whole family seemed to be on the watch for her. She made her way round to the back entrance, opened the garden gate and walked up the path, hoping it possible to escape observation, but in vain.

Just after she passed inside the door of the house, her mother met her.

Mrs. Steinfest had brought up seven children and not one of them had dared to resist her wishes as young Evelyn was doing, and she felt so wrought up about it that it was plain to whoever spoke to her there was mischief in the air for Evelyn.

She pounced down upon the poor child without any trace in either voice or gesture of the great big heart of love she really possessed for her youngest and darling child, and demanded to know if Evelyn had been to the Army.

"I have, mother," Evelyn replied. Without another word she found herself pushed out of the house by her own mother's hand, and the door slammed against her.

Poor child! She didn't know what to do. She had never been in such a predicament before. She was, however, not the sort to give up and weep without an effort to better her circumstances, but she was too dazed at the time to think what she should do, so she wandered aimlessly away towards the churchyard, and there amongst the tombs, she thought of the Saviour, and His suffering for her, and lifted her heart to Him for grace to go through.

She did not feel lonely or afraid until the hands of the clock began to point towards twelve, when the sound of drunken laughter, intermingled with oaths and curses from drunken people who were making their way to their homes in various parts of the city, after spending the evening in drinking and its associate vices, alarmed her.

She had never been so unpleasantly near this type of sin before, and seeing it was so late she thought she would steal back quietly to the house. She knew that there was a tool-house just inside the garden gate, and if the back gate was only left undone she could creep into the tool-house and shelter there until the morning light. But she was so sure that she was unfastened and Evelyn for the first time in her life within a stone's throw of those whom she loved, she felt alone and so dear, and for Jesus Christ's sake stretched her tired limbs on the cold earth, and with a heavy heart laid down to sleep.

It was no trouble to get up from such a bed as that when the morning light dawned, and before any of the family were about, she stole out of her childhood with an aching heart, but a conscience void of offence, and a high resolve to follow Jesus, and she set out to the Midland Railway Station and got a wash-up at the ladies' waiting room. This she did, and then she felt the battle of life, alone yet not alone.

CHAPTER V.

The Steinfest family buried their grief in their hearts, stood by their determination to force Evelyn out of the house they considered her mad freak, or else leave her unrecognized as a member of the family. Hattie's heart was nearly broke, but they made no account that Evelyn and only heard casually that she

was frequently at the Salvation Army, and working amongst the soldiers. So it continued for the space of six months.

Finally, after talking the matter over, the Steinfest family thought they would find Evelyn up, bring her home again, and as she should probably be satisfied with her nonsensical notions, they would try and induce her to come back and forget the past. So Evelyn returned home; but to their chagrin, she returned home as an inveterate Salvationist as she had left it, and they soon found that on the question of the Salvation Army Evelyn was as immovable as a rock.

The next shock to the nerves of the Steinfests, was the announcement that Evelyn was going into the Army. They couldn't quite understand this; they thought she had gone into the Army, very much so, and this other going in, was another step in the mystery of the strange religious organization Evelyn was so magnetized with. When they heard it was to leave home and become an officer, they thought it too absurd for anything, but there was a certain amount of pleasure in the thought that Evelyn was not twenty-one, and until they chose to give their consent in writing, the Army would not dare to take their daughter from them.

Great is the power of prayer.

Evelyn, whose face was now lit up as much as those first faces she saw when she left the skating party, had power with the Court of Heaven, impossibilities were overcome, and like the Israelites, she marched through a Red Sea of diffi-

CHAPTER VI.

DECLARE," said Hattie one morning, to an acquaintance, "the whole town is upset over this Mrs. Booth. She's the one that belongs to the Salvation Army, you know. Evelyn went to her home. I'd like to hear her, perhaps she would say something about Evelyn. Will you come to-night?"

"Oh, yes, I should like to go," replied Hattie's friend, and the appointment was accordingly made for the theatre, where the late Mrs. General Booth was to preach to sinners.

Some ten minutes or so before the time for the meeting to commence Hattie and her friend presented themselves at the door. Hattie, speaking of this visit afterwards, said they considered themselves awfully afraid they should be seen, and endeavored to get into a quiet out-of-the-way corner as speedily as possible.

The hall seemed to be in a perfect hubbub of confusion. Here a man would rise up and shout just as loud as a coteranger in the street "Hallelujah!" Up and down the aisles were Army ladies and ladies plugging one to buy War Cry.

It was the strangest method of worship Hattie had ever seen.

Then of course imagined that the meeting was in full progress, and was puzzling her brains to know why any person with any sense at all—her sister Evelyn above all people—could ever dream of allying themselves with such a hodge-podge religious affair as this.

Soon after this time to commence the meeting arrived, and Mrs. General Booth with a number of Staff Officers took their places on the platform. The

She saw only God's messenger, and herself, and a sense of complete wretchedness took possession of her, till she felt herself the most miserable creature under heaven.

Now she realized how wrong she had been to trust Evelyn in the way she had done.

She saw how blinded she had been to the true facts of the case, and she resolved that all she could do she would do to atone for her past cruelty and wrong-doing.

She had long been a Christian, and had walked according to the light she had, but at its best that seemed as the light of a feeble rush-light, compared with the blaze which now poured in on her soul.

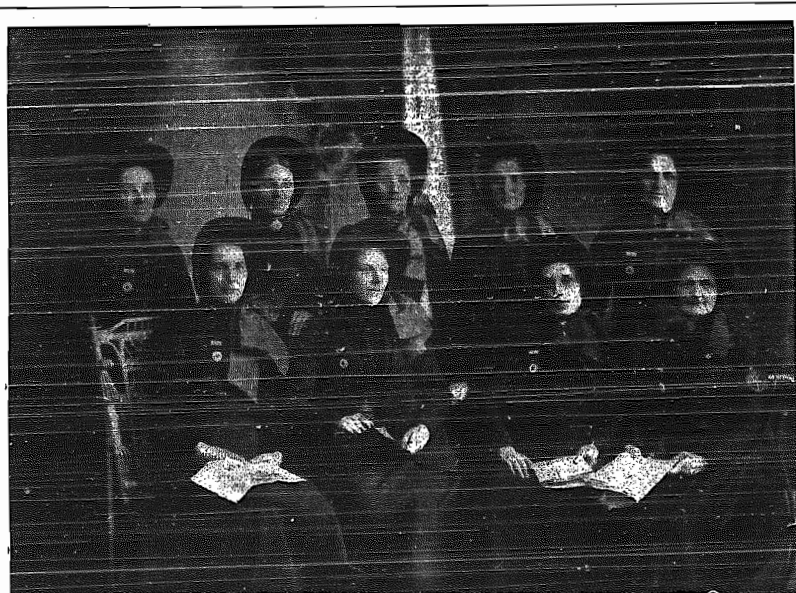
Mrs. Booth finished speaking, and the collection was announced.

"Now," said Hattie to herself, "I can do something," and accordingly when the collection plate came round, she emptied the whole contents of her purse into the plate amounting to about eight or ten shillings.

Hattie did not sleep that night till she had written a letter to Mrs. Booth, acknowledging her wrong towards her sister, and asking that her sister's address might be supplied, in order that she might confess the same to Evelyn.

Evelyn sent back to Hattie a letter full of sweet forgiveness, and from that time, the relationship between the two sisters was deeper and sweeter than ever it had been before. Still Hattie had much to learn.

(To be Continued.)



MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE OF MERCY AT LONDON, ONT. MRS. MAJOR SOUTHALE IN COMMAND.

cutties on dry land, by believing prayer. Prayer conquered even her mother's obstinate resistance, and after many a refusal she said, and without an effort Hattie, "Oh, let her go; let her go out of our sight; anything to get her out of the way," and so Evelyn's Candidate's Form was filled, and one day she received an admission ticket which on presentation would admit her to the Salvation Army Training Home, Clapton, London.

The morning came to depart.

Evelyn stood in the room with her full complement of luggage, consisting of one small tin box, a little bigger than a bonnet box.

Hattie came down stairs with mixed feelings of anger and grief. She said not let Evelyn go away without saying good-bye to her, and too, in the midst of it all, the size of the "trunk" struck her as too ridiculous for anything. She went to her, kissed her and said good-bye, adding these words, "Well, Evelyn, I hope you will find good friends; if not, perhaps this may help you," and put two sovereigns in Evelyn's palm. Then the train bore away the source of contention, and the home life lapsed back into its old form outwardly, but there was a gap in the circle, and an ache in the heart of those left behind which could not easily be removed.

whole scene was immediately changed, and Hattie saw that she had been judging the Army hastily.

Then of course imagined that the Officer was called upon to pray.

That first prayer made a mark on Hattie's heart. A glimmer of light seemed to enter into the depths of her spirit, and she felt an uncomfortable sense of condemnation for her treatment of Evelyn.

Then Mrs. Booth gave out the song,

"Depth of mercy can there be,
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear,
Me the chief of sinners spare?"

Hattie thought that song was very good.

Soon Mrs. Booth, her Bible in her hand, arose to speak.

She commenced in a rather low voice. Every ear was attentive.

It was evident Mrs. Booth was a preacher who was possessed by a profound sense of the reality of the great themes about which she spoke.

Under the strain Mrs. Booth's earnest, forcible, thoughtful and Spirit-inspired utterances, Hattie lost all sense of where she was.

The vast hall with its mass of people faded from her vision; she forgot even the presence of her friend by her side.

GAILY TOUCHING.

One of the most pathetic relics of the famine with which Joseph had to deal was discovered in Arabia. A flood of rain accidentally laid bare a tomb containing the remains of a woman having on her person a profusion of valuable jewels. At her head stood a coffin filled with treasure, and a tablet bearing this inscription: "In Thy name, O God, the God of Himsyar, I, Taynar, the daughter of Dau Shefar, sent my steward to Joseph, and, he delaying to return to me, I sent my handmaid with a measure of silver to bring me back a measure of flour; and not being able to procure it, I sent her with a measure of gold; and not being able to procure it, I sent her with a measure of pearls; and not being able to procure it, I commanded them to be ground; and, finding no profit in them, I am shut up here."

Poor woman! She must have possessed a grim humour to get herself buried, while starving to death, amidst the costly jewels and pearls which had become of infinitely less value than a crust of bread.

The worst of faults is to think you have none.

CONTRASTS.

(See Frontispiece.)

THE Tussock moth which preys upon the trees of our avenues and boulevards is considered a pest, and must be destroyed. THE THREES must be preserved—the PEST must go.

And yet the Drink Traffic is allowed to continue.

The public highway is in a bad state, the roads are full of holes and deep ruts. Traffic is hindered. Such a state of things cannot be allowed in a well-ordered town or city. THE ROADS must be repaired. They are a menace to life and property.

And yet the Drink Traffic goes on.

There is an individual who seizes the most favorable street corner to advertise his wares, and perpetrate his hoax upon a too gullible public. The trick is discovered—his nostrums are valueless—he has deceived the public—he is a swindler—he is arrested—the law deals with him—the public approves.

And yet the most gigantic swindle, the most glaring hoax is continued, acknowledged, LICENSED. The Drink Traffic goes on.

A man, physically weak, makes his way stumbling along the street. His unfortunate condition is noticed by a bystander who sees in the weakness of his fellow an opportunity for fun (?) sport. He deliberately carries his purpose into effect—the weak one is tripped up and left to lie in the gutter. Onlookers—indeed, the world—cries out, "Cad, coward!" The assailant must answer for his assault.

What of the man who trades upon the MORAL WEAKNESS of his fellows in order to accumulate capital?

Disease-breeding, pestiferous, there it stood a refuse heap, its fumes poisoning, visiting the air around. Contrary to all the sanitary laws governing the community, its presence is an insult, an injustice to the neighborhood. Public health is endangered, it must be removed instantly.

What of the cesspools that crowd our thoroughfares, belching forth their moral poison, smiting with cruel blight, blasting the hopes of young and old alike, and vampire-like feasting, thriving upon the blood of its victims?

Oh, the stink of it! Oh, the shame and curse of it! Cruel lottery in the which all the PRIZES are for the Government Revenues and Distillers' Gains, and the BLANKS for the duped, befooled victims.

Must this continue? There will soon be an opportunity to give answer. Then in the name of GOD—AND RIGHT—AND HOME, answer NEVER. H. K.

HELPS FOR J. S. WORKERS.

SAUL CHOSEN KING.

I Samuel x. 1-27.

Anointed for Life Work.

THIS was one of the greatest days in Saul's life when Samuel, the prophet of the Lord, anointed him to be captain over His people. Not for a term of a few years only, but for life!

What a splendid start! What a glorious chance he was given!

A good beginning is a good thing. How many of you children have had one? A start with God and a start for life—then, whatever sphere of life we fill, we shall be blest and victorious.

Three Signs to Prove God's Word.

All this would be so new to Saul that perhaps he found it rather difficult to believe all. Therefore, to assure him it was real and no dream—true and not whatever Samuel said three different signs should convince him.

How kindly and gently this grand old man deals with Saul—if his words or face express any doubt no sign of impatience escapes Samuel. Truly great

Every man makes his own character.
Whether you are good, or whether you are bad, it is by your own choice.

THE GENERAL.

people are kind. We can all be kind if not great, but we cannot be great without being kind.

God Calls and Fits for Special Work.

"The Spirit of the Lord" was promised to come upon him, and "the Spirit" is a wonderful teacher, inspirer and blessing. Saul was not to be left to himself or to human resources, but God, who had brought him into this high place, was going to fit him to fulfill his calling. This is God's way! He has done the same for many of His servants.

No Human Power!

Saul's test of faith! He was to take a journey and wait for seven days until Samuel joined him. This was a bit hard—Samuel was his first spiritual helper, and now Saul had to leave him and proceed alone.

There was Divine wisdom in this arrangement, Saul might have been tempted to lean too much upon the prophet and too little upon God.

It has been so with some! There are times when we feel human aid, counsel and sympathy so precious and desirable that unless we are careful the creature takes the place of the Creator. Saul obeyed the voice of Samuel. He did not waver or argue about his feelings, etc., but went according to his instructions, and how amply obedience was rewarded. No sooner had he turned his back upon Samuel and set his face to go through the journey alone, than God visited him and worked for him a wonderful miracle.

Never before had Saul moved in such society, but instead of being overwhelmed by the sense of his own weakness, he acted as the occasion required because "God was with him."

A Changed Heart and a Touched Tongue.

God had changed his heart and His Spirit was upon him. Saul's character was uprooted by the prophets, and the people who saw and heard him, and knowing him only as the son of Kish, were puzzled and failed to understand this great change.

How many Salvation Soldiers have amazed their friends and neighbors in the very same way. They have had new hearts, and this meant a new tongue, a new song, a new message and a new life used in glorifying Him who had wrought these miracles.

Curiosity not Satisfied.

After Saul proceeded again upon his journey he was met by his uncle, who questioned him as to all that had passed since he went away, but Saul did not satisfy him. Very probably his reason for this was because he knew it was no ordinary personal affair, but one relating to the Kingdom—God's business; and, too, it would be revealed at God's own appointed time and in His own appointed way. Then, again, here was another proof of his humility. Instead of being "puffed up" by all that had passed, he felt humbled and unworthy of this honor and distinction.

A Tried Jehovah or an Unproved King.

Reading carefully verses 17, 18 and 19 it seems as if Samuel's very soul was stirred within him at the people's ingratitude and foolishness, and as if he yearned to persuade them by reminding them of the wonders God had wrought for them and for their fathers; and without doubt even now here was a chance to confess their wrong in desiring a king and to desire for Jehovah, but because they wanted to be like other nations they held out.

God's Way and God's Time.

It was at this great assembly that it was to be known whom God had chosen for their king, so we can imagine with what great curiosity and excitement all the tribes had met together, but notice how the declaration was made. By tribes and by thousands they passed before Samuel, until eleven tribes had passed, and only the tribe of Benjamin yet to

come, and this was the smallest of all. They came by their families, and the family of Kish, which was the least of all the families of the tribe of Benjamin, was taken, but Saul was missing, and his name was called out as the chosen king. His feelings had overcome him and he had hid himself, but his hiding-place was discovered and he was brought out amongst the people.

MEMORY TEXT.

"For God is with thee."

IN TEN DAYS OF LONG ASO.

"I have submitted this song to the censorship of the Woodstock audience and the brethren there. They have pronounced it all right. It makes a fine Sunday night song, and can be changed to suit taste or brother, at the case may be.—R. P."

By ENSIGN R. PUGH.

Tune.—My old Kentucky home, good night (Key G).

Let me sing a song of the days of long ago.

Of the days when I wandered on in sin, And my life was filled with bitterness and woe.

Thou struggled hard to hide what was within, I loved the world with its pleasures gay and bright,

Thou swore to me more than ought on earth beside, And I grew to hate those who lived for God and right,

Who turn me from my wrong so vainly tried.

Chorus to 1st and 2nd Verses.

Sin no more my brother (sister), sin no more, But come to Christ and then you'll have no fear

To meet Him on the awful Judgment Day.

For months I sought to ease my troubled mind By pretending that religion was all rot, That for Christ no place in history could we find,

And as for God—He was part of a plot. But I'm glad to-night that the Spirit still did strive,

And left me not to be crushed by the foe, But used the words of a soul that was alive

To my danger—in the days of long ago.

I stood one night amongst a motley crowd Gathered round the Army's open-air ring, And I listened, as with their heads devoutly bowed,

And on their knees, of Calvary's stream did sing. I saw the Blood that I had so long despised,

I heard the Saviour say, "Why won't you go And plunge by faith beneath the cleansing tide?"

And I did it, praise the Lord, now long ago.

2nd Chorus, after last Verse.

Sin no longer charms me, it has lost its power, And now I'm saved to-night, I love God with all my might.

Won't you come and prove it, too, this very hour.

—A dying Junior said, "Father, I've come to the river and it's not dark—it's like floating silver."

—Mrs. Adjutant Bradley's first convert is a Miss Stanton, who, about a year ago, left Toronto to go as a missionary to China, where she is doing a precious work for Christ.

LIGHT BRIGADE NOTES.

West Ontario.

Having completed the returns for quarter ending June, I thought our War Cry readers would like to hear of our advances in this direction. I am glad to have the privilege of welcoming the following agents: Sister Clark, Mrs. Rock, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Kelly, Bruce Feunacy, John Grant, Mrs. Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Grant, Brother Fugson, Mrs. Harvey, Brother Parnell, Mrs. Jacklin, Mrs. Butt, which brings the number of Local Agents up to 32, and also makes a good increase in new boxes.

BOX MONEY.

The total of \$18.60 for the quarter is a net increase of \$1.50 above last quarter.

NEW TOWNS.

Courtship did splendid. \$3.05 for eight boxes is not so slow. Also Wyoming and Harrington did splendid. All off to the worthy leaders, Brother Bessley, Sister Durance and Brother Cowan.

MEETING PROCEEDS.

The subject of the "Torn Bible" is very touching and interesting. The meetings have been most appreciated and a total of \$20 raised, of which over \$10 was left to assist the local corps and officers.

HONORABLE MENTION.

London's total of \$22 is splendid, being \$15 ahead of last. Adjutant Coombs and his worthy L. A. deserve great credit. The same can be said of Brantford's total of \$27.80, also well up. In Roadwell with \$11.50, her own box contributed \$2.10, and in fact the whole Province have fought a noble fight, but for want of space and in fear of the War Cry, P. R. I have to refrain from mentioning separately their names.

RAILS, HOTELS AND RAILWAY STATIONS.

Woodstock Jail box heads the way with \$3, also a Rheinheim hotel with \$2, Simcoe station \$2.15.

TICKET SELLING.

I am pleased to say this is improving in many of the corps. Although we are a little behind on this line the P. A. feels it his duty to mention the kindness shown by the field officers, also for their ready assistance with the G. B. M. in their corps.

Of course Brother Sims thinks his Agents are just the best on earth, but must remember they have to take a second place and let the worthy L. A. of the West to show them a few things. But we wish them success.—H. E. Collier, P. A.

The North-West.

Brother Gill, of Winnipeg, is going to get a move on the surrey, the Dominion this coming quarter. He is a real advocate of the G. B. M. Scheme. Oh, for more like him.

What's the matter with L. A. Underwood, of Rat Portage? She's all right. Just think, \$14.65 for such a small town. "Go thou and do likewise," ye L. A's.

NOTE.—S. A. Quarters had \$2.75 in their box. What think ye of this? Beat it if you can.

Mrs. Pangborn, just appointed L. A. for Virden, had \$2.25 in her box. Now Virden, arise and shake-yourself out of the dust of despair. With such a practical agent at your head you will shine. I do believe.

Burrah for Morden! Just think L. A. Dunean had no less than \$5 in her own boxes. He did show it! Why don't you box boxes to the Exhibition with her. Remember LAZARUS wherever you go.

Then there is Mrs. Modall, of Valley City, who, after a long and hard had the neat sum of \$2.11 in it. What do you say to this for a poor woman? Well done, thou good and faithful friend of the poor!

Now then, I wonder what is the matter with all those L. A.'s who have made no returns this last quarter. Rouse ye, and be "diligent in business."

God bless the F. O's out West here. They are a practical lot. They sympathize with LAZARUS, and do their best both to help the scheme and the movement. Captain Barrer and Lieutenant Strong sold about 100 tickets on the street for my lantern service in a half a day. Now is it impossible, ye F. O's, to sell tickets? ENSIGN CUMMINS, P. A.

Thank God for your comrade. Don't pick holes in him. The Field Commissioner.

[Our Mission Field.]

CEYLON.

The Singhalese People—Their Religion—
The Salvation Army Opened Fire
in 1893.

LIEUTENANT GUNERATNA, CO-
LOMBO.

THE Singhalese people, who are the real natives living in Ceylon, are descended from an ancient race of wild warlike people who lived in this little island hundreds of years ago.

The early inhabitants were called "Zakkhos," or demons, some of the Singhalese kings who reigned over Ceylon before the Portuguese took the island employed these "Zakkhos," as they called them, to build rock temples, make tanks and carve huge images of Buddha.

Even up to this day the ruins of several temples are to be seen. Though many of them were destroyed, they were rebuilt again. These kings were very cruel to the poor natives.

There was no proper form of government and the king did as he pleased. Women and children whose husbands disobeyed the royal commands were drowned in a lake, or tied hands and feet and thrown in the jungles for wild beasts to devour. The last of the Singhalese kings, Sri Wickram Raja Singha, got the wife of a man who had been executed, to pound the heads of her little children in a mortar, mixing her with the blood and pouring with her work. What horrible cruelty!

They were Heathens.

The Singhalese people are all Buddhists—that is, they worship of Buddha—and are very dark and superstitious. For instance, when a person gets sick, instead of calling for a doctor, he has a devil dancing ceremony, offering food and flowers to the devil and invoking him to cure the sick person.

The devil-dancers dress and paint their bodies and look very hideous, as with drums and reed instruments they make a big "go" of it till morning, only to find that the person is worse or dead.

They are very fond of drinking "arrack." Arrack is a very strong kind of liquor and makes one (they when taken too much). When the cocoanut palm puts forth its flower it is tapped and the juice is run to the end, and within a few weeks when taken down it is filled with a sweet liquid sap called "toddy." This is boiled and made into a form of fermentation, to which tobacco and other harmful drugs are added, it becomes "arrack." A bottle is sold at the rate of 10 cents.

The Portuguese took Ceylon first from the Singhalese, the Dutch then became masters of the island until they were in possession of by the British in 1816.

The Salvation Army

opened in 1893. Only one English officer and his wife with two Lieutenants held meetings in a deserted building. They had to suffer a great deal. The Buddhists did not know what sort of people these new comers were who wore red and yellow cloth and walked bare foot. The devil did his best to drive the Army out of Ceylon, but the power of God prevailed and glory, we got the victory. By degrees they came to know us more, and our objects, when they were kindly. Praise God! To-day there are 20 corps and over 150 officers, two Training Garrison, a Rescue and Prison Gate House and a corps of the Naval and Military League in a flourishing condition. The Merry Box League (G. B. M.) was started lately. Over 500 boxes are sent out, and it bids fair to be a great success and help to the S. A. work in Ceylon.

The Junior War.

The Singhalese mothers train up their children to follow the religion of their forefathers—Buddhism. During the "joys," or full moon, days, hundreds of them take their little ones in their arms to the temples and there fall down and worship the image of Buddha. They love their children much, and often when born dedicate them to Buddha, as we do little ones under the Blood-and-Bath of the Army. The Junior war, praise God, is going ahead in Tanka. The jungle corps of the interior of the island have nice meetings weekly and are blessed to see the little ones, once Buddhists, testify to Jesus' power to save and keep. Hallelujah!

—If the day of salvation leaves you graceless, the day of judgment will leave you speechless.—Sunday Companion.



On Dominion Day the Salvationists of Toronto held a picnic at Long Branch, and at the same place a party of dead mutants were enjoying the day. The Salvationists and muted joined forces and had a very pleasant day

WAR MEMORIES.

By MAJOR BAUGH.

AFTER thirteen months' hard fighting in Whitechapel, with skeletons outside, and a few old folks inside, who could not see why it should be called "Salvation Army" instead of "Christian Mission," and why we should have so much testimony instead of preaching, etc., my next appointment was the opening of the Regent's Hall, Oxford St., London W.

The General and Mrs. Booth, Orange Harriet, the Derby Boxer, the Tipton Levi, and Miss Jim were a few of the specials brought in for the opening. To say we had a big crowd is no word for it. We had the place jammed full, and about

Twenty Thousand Outside

wanting to get in, with over a hundred policemen to keep them something like in order, and try to keep the roads passable. The devil, of course, did not like this sort of thing, and some of the wealthy people living near by offered £250 if we could be moved. Others did their best to make it warm for us. Cade's!

Heads and Hats were Broken

In coming and returning, to help with the order. Many others had their clothes torn and spoiled. I had to be the last out, put out the lights, look up, etc., and thousands were outside waiting for me, swearing, threatening what they would do, and as I was in lodgings at a Coffee Tavern near by, I thought I had better wait till they had cooled down a bit, and although it was in March and very cold, it took over two hours before Brigadier Simpson and myself dare turn out. Then in other clothes I got out and they did not know me, but said "he was escaped after all." Sinners get saved by hundreds, and amongst the first lot at the penitence form was

A Young Chemist,

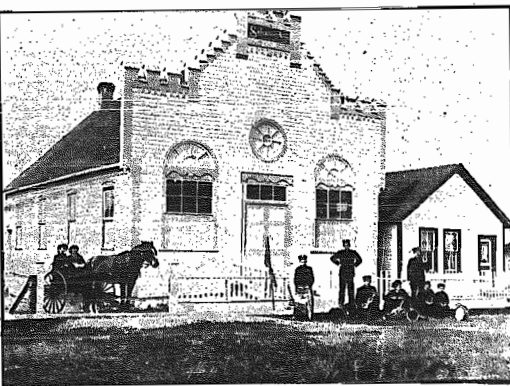
last week at the General's meetings at Birmingham, this chemist was there helping in the meetings with others, and said as we sat at tea together, "You remember my getting saved, don't you, over sixteen years ago, at the Regent's Hall?" He is now Major Thonger, and

has done good service in the S. A. Major Slater of the Musical Department, also Mrs. Slater, are amongst the first converts of the rink. So was Major Marshall, Editor of All the World, both of whom I had the joy of dealing with at the penitence form. At the end of ten months glorious fighting we had over five hundred good soldiers and many recruits, a good brass band, the bandmaster of them is bandmaster still and has been ever since, so has the Sergeant-Major who has held his office continuously for over sixteen years and is there still. When I was ordered to farewell a lady came offering me £25 per month and a furnished home and would stay in the neighborhood. I thanked her but said, "No, if the Salvation Army had not have given me this chance to work, I should never have been known here, therefore I am going on with them still."

CALL TO RALLY.

HARVEST FESTIVAL.—We are approaching once again one of those efforts which has enabled us to demonstrate in the past that we enjoy a good opportunity of showing our love and loyalty to God and the old Flag, and know how to make the most of it when presented. This year will mark in the results attained a greater evidence of our ability to do this. It will show that we are a progressive force. No doubt, or fear, or indecision, or disloyalty, shall be able to resist surrender to our ever-victorious warriors. Once again the voice of our beloved leader—the Commissioner—appeals to us. We are prepared to make a bold dash at her command, and when the battle is finished she will find that the well-seasoned veterans of the W. O. P. are generally by competent Blood-and-Fire Officers, will do a fair share to make the Territorial results another crowning triumph in our beloved leader's administration.—From "The Commander," W. O. P.

—Not a blade of grass but has a story to tell, not a heart but has its romance, not a life which does not hide a secret, which is either its thorn or its spur. Everywhere grief, hope, comedy, tragedy.



NEEPAWA BARRACKS AND OFFICERS' QUARTERS, NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

Promoted to Glory.

Master Mrs. Bilton, Ottawa.

Death has again visited our ranks and taken our dear comrade, Mrs. W. Bilton. Though living sickly for these last four years and unable to enjoy the privileges of a Salvationist, she lived a true Christian life, always interested in the work. In her illness she was patient, looking unto Jesus. In her last moments she asked her husband and family to meet her in heaven. She left a bright testimony that "all was well." The deceased was the daughter of a true Christian (Walter Bilton) son and daughter, who have our sincere sympathy in their loss. Adjutant McLean conducted the service. She was buried with S. A. honors, the comrades turning out for the occasion, laying the remains in Beechwood Cemetery.

On the following Sunday evening we held a memorial service conducted by Adjutant McDonald and Captain Vance. Several comrades spoke of our dear sister at the close of the meeting two sons came to Jesus, one being our deceased comrade's daughter. We indeed feel our loss at our corps, but we are encouraged to press on until, like our sister, we meet around the Throne, there to praise God forever.—A. French.

Sister Mrs. McCombs, Palmerston

Palmerston.—Since last report Sister Mrs. McCombs has passed quietly away. The funeral service was conducted on July 1st by Ensign Savage, of St. Catharines, assisted by Captain Fell and Lieutenant Mumford, of this corps. Our dear sister had been in the hospital since bygone days when he was stationed here, and urged all to get ready to meet their God.

HOW HE FELT.

HE was a drunkard, not one who was found in the gutters here, but just a young fellow in his teens, who would get drunk, gamble, swear, smoke, and have what is called a good time generally with his boys.

The Army came along and picked him up, and through the grace and power of God he was saved. He was a bright young convert, gave up all old habits and sins, and started on a new life. To attend the meetings, pray, sing, and testify seemed to be his delight.

He fought on through great temptations, and developed into a beautiful soldier, possessing a humble spirit, and a spirit of witness to do whatever he was called upon. He showed signs of ability, made use of, and increased his talents. Learned of God in many ways. He felt his arms were sorely pining a note, he soon became a solo singer, and even composed an Army song.

He was called for the Field. At first refused, but in a short time came out with face beaming with a heavenly light, singing, "Victory! I've got the victory!"

He entered the field. His first station was hard—very. He, with his Captain, often had to sleep on the barracks floor. The people would not come to the meetings, and bye and bye the place had to be closed. But he fought on, rejoicing that he was counted worthy to suffer for his sake.

He was looked upon as a good, bright lad (which he certainly was) and likely to become a promising officer. Was promoted, and put into responsible positions.

Right through his experience he seemed to be greatly persecuted. In one of his meetings a young man came to the penitence form, and got beautifully saved. When he arose from his knees he put his arms around his comrade's neck, and with tears in his eyes confessed his intention of killing him that night, having sworn to do so against him, but God's Spirit took hold of him, and he had to come and get saved. Thus was he wonderfully delivered.

But, alas, alas, little by little he lost that spirit of humility, forgot the pit from whence he was dug, became proud, lost his hold upon God, and at last took off his uniform, knelt before God and prayed this awful prayer, "Now, Lord, if You'll leave me alone, I'll leave You!"

So he left his God-chosen work, left the path of righteousness, peace, and holiness, and went out into the world a miserable backslider.

And God took him at his word, and left him alone, for before very long he even denied the existence of a God, and ridiculed the idea of salvation.

Should he die impotent, without an awful death will be!—Red Riding Hood.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

C O O

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

has fixed the dates for holding the

HARVEST FESTIVAL

as follows:

ONTARIO, August 27, 28, 29 and 30.

All places East and West of Ontario, September 10, 11, 12 and 13.

(Signed) C. T. JACOBS,
Chief Secretary.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS.

Lieutenant Jaddell, of Pearson, to be Captain.

Lieutenant Grose, of Shelbrooke, to be Captain.

Lieutenant Lafonde, of Pembroke, to be Captain.

APPOINTMENT.

(Omitted last week.)

BRIGADIER FRIEDRICH to be Editor of the War Cry and Young Soldier.

Ensign Adams, late of the Eastern Provincial Headquarters, to be Assistant Trade Secretary.

MARRIAGE.

Adjutant J. W. Hay, of the Pacific Province, to Ensign Woolman, of Bozeman, Mont., at Spokane, on July 14 h, by Brigadier Howell.

EVANGELINE C. BROOTH,
Field Commissioner.

WAR CRY

Matter for insertion in this paper should be addressed to "The War Cry, Toronto." We do not undertake to return rejected contributions. Write with ink on one side of the paper. Leave a margin an inch wide. Use separate sheets of paper for returns of War Cry sales to "Point-to-Point" and for Corps reports.

What are you going to do with your sins, sinner?

Like a sunbeam in the gutter, shining there unutilized, should a Salvationist be in this world of sin.

To Tour the Territory for Consolidation and Spiritual Uplifting.

BEFORE this War Cry reaches our readers the Territorial Secretary will have commenced his inspection work in the East. While it would be wrong to infer that we are worse off in respect to organization than formerly—which could scarcely be, seeing the strong pressure there has been in the direction of organization for some time past—yet we are prepared to admit that a very much more effective service for God and the people can be rendered by the Army in this Territory, by perfecting the organization in points where we are weak in that respect, and by ensuring the proper carrying out of the rules and regulations that already exist. Brigadier Margetta goes to this work as the Commissioner's direct representative, full of love and zeal for God's glory and the success of the war. We are confident he will be a blessing and help to our beloved fighters on the field from the Provincial Officers to the last recruit in the ranks, and we anticipate his visit to the different centres being scenes of salvation triumph, as well as times of consolidation in the interests of the Army's regular workings.

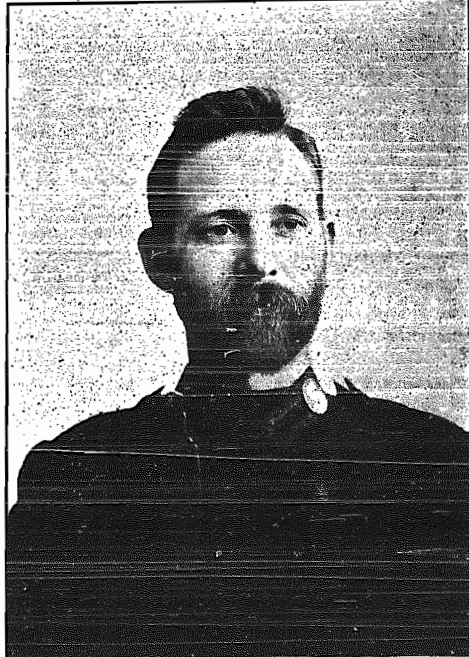
"What'er the future may require,
His grace will sure allow;
I'll live a moment at a time,
And Jesus saves me now."

Good-Bye!

WITH this issue Brigadier Complin concludes his duties as Editor, which appointment he has so ably held for about five years. In saying good-bye to the Editorial Office, it will in no wise mean good-bye to the War Cry, for his mastery pen, we trust, will yet contribute many articles and stories. The Brigadier will go on a short well-earned rest before assuming his new and multifarious duties as General Secretary.

Welcome!

BRIGADIER FRIEDRICH will be fully initiated in his new sphere of labor as this Cry reaches the public. The transfer of the Editorial chair took place with a most cordial hand-shake between the outgoing and in-coming Editors. Let the numerous contributors from among our Staff and Field, as well as our many friends, rally to his assistance.



BRIGADIER COMPLIN.

International Personal Paragraphs.

GREAT BRITAIN

COMMISSIONER POLLARD and Major Jolliffe have had a most successful conference with the Box Agents. Commissioner Pollard accompanied the General to Scandinavia. Adjutant Cunningham, late of South Africa, is the latest addition to the British Editorial Staff. Colonel Barker had the View of the Parish and the M. P. of the diocese on his platform at Leyton. Mrs. Major Jolliffe, who has been ill for twelve months, is slowly recovering. Mrs. Brigadier Hoggard is seriously ill.

UNITED STATES

The Commander took part in the Christian Endeavor Convention. The American leaders spend a Sunday at the Electric Park Camp and another at the Old Orchard Camp. Both the Commander and Consul will be present at the demonstration in connection with the inauguration of the new Training System at Memorial Hall, on August 3rd. Major Annie Osborn, late Blum Secretary for London, Eng., and new Women's Training Secretary for the States, has arrived in New York. In addition to his Social overland Colonel Holland has taken command of what is known as the Rocky Mountains Division, consisting of Colorado, New Mexico and Wyoming.

Brigadier Bown has been sick and will not return from his furlough before the end of September.

HOLLAND

The Marechal has been invited as representing the Salvation Army to speak at one of the great demonstrations in connection with the National Carnival of the coronation of the young Queen, in August. The General held powerful meetings in the beautiful grounds of the Baron von Tull, near Haarlem.

AUSTRALIA

The Commandant has been seriously indisposed. Despite much suffering, however, he has heroically kept at the front and filled all his public appointments. Mrs. Booth is doing a new and valiant thing with her Social lectures. By means of a splendid lime-light apparatus she actual scenes of which she speaks are thrown upon the canvas—life-like pictures of her personal efforts amongst the fallen and destitute.

NEXT WEEK'S CRY

ALL'S WELL! THE ARRIVAL OF OUR KLONDIKERS IN DAWSON CITY (Illustrated).

comrades are also laid up. Pray for our resting officers.

ADJUTANT AND MRS. HAY.—These comrades were happily married by the Brigadier in the new S. A. barracks, Spokane, on July 14th. Everything went off with the best. The bride and groom, of course, much interested. Adjutant and Mrs. Hay are remaining with the band for a short while. God bless our comrades, and may the Lord give them a terror to evil-doers. The Rustler.

WORLD-WIDE JOTTINGS.

UNITED STATES

TWENTY-FIVE men candidates have been ordered into the Chicago Garrison for the season opening August 1st. Colonel Holland reports progress on the Fort Amity Colony. Over 200 acres of land are now under cultivation and the crops and the men are happy in their labor. The Commander has decided upon the issue of a monthly paper for sectional officers. The first number will be out on August 1st. The profit on the sale of all Salvation Army tea in the United States is now devoted to the Rescue work. Every Rescue Home will be a headquarters for the Tea League. New York is to have two new Social Institutions. Two splendid lodging-houses have been secured on the Bowery. One a five-story building having accommodation for 207 men will be opened as a Men's Shelter. The other is to be a Woman's Shelter, and will accommodate 125. In the City of Providence, the Salvation Army has received the gift of a large mission lodging-house property. The building is completely fitted up and will be a valuable adjunct to the Social Wing. The Basket Factory in Seattle is most successful, and upon our large Social wood tract 1,000 cords of wood have been cut. During one month the Army in the United States operated 14 Food Depots and thirty-three shelters, in which we supplied 75,625 beds and 34,930 meals.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Army's Annual Report of Sowing and Reaping has been favorably noticed by the London and Provincial daily Press. The Trade Department and its employees spent a day's outing at the Huddersfield Colony. A big Field Farewell takes place on August 7th. An industrious Lieutenant is studying botany for Band of Love purposes. Amongst the recent visitors at the Huddersfield Colony was Sir Horace Turner, Agent-General for Queensland.

AUSTRALIA

The Home hitherto used by the Townsville Prisoners Aid Society has been transferred to the direction of the Salvation Army, and will form a prominent centre of our Rescue work. The 25,000 acres which have been procured from the West Australian Government for the Army's Social purposes to be known as the Collie Farm Colony are getting under control. A further development is the consent granted by the Superintendent of Charities for the Army to take charge of the boys in the Reformatory at Rottnest—the penal settlement island about fourteen miles from Fremantle. The Colony Social Annuals promise to be unique successes. His Excellency the Governor of South Australia, Sir Thomas Fowell Duxton, has promised to preside in Adelaide. Sir Samuel Griffiths, Chief Justice of Queensland, will occupy a similar position at Brisbane.

JAVA

Some 600 Chinese and Javanese attended the native welcome of Major and Mrs. Cumming. A native rice supper partaken of upon the floor. Semarangs No. 11. Corps could almost be termed a sisters' corps. Javanese women are coming to the rescue. Special efforts for their salvation, however, have resulted already in many conversions. The Army is doing much for the dark-skinned sisters of the native town.

HOLLAND

Amsterdam has a brigade of Shelter men 100 strong. Their singing at the 12th Anniversary of our work in that country created quite a sensation. The Shelter in Brussels accommodates 19 men. Many of the rescued social workers have been helped and transformed. An equally successful Social work is being carried on at Marchiennes.

Mrs. Adjutant Bradley's brother George, now a partner with his brother in a very flourishing photography business at Vancouver, and filling a useful place as the president of an Epworth League Society, was converted when a child through a little Salvation Army Junior

PACIFIC NEWS.

SPOKANE RESCUE HOME.—The Home here for a long time has been in debt, and try how they would, Mother Langtry could not seem to catch up. Ensign Alward kindly consented to work upon a meeting on their behalf, giving them the proceeds of the same. The result was an astonisher to us all. The Brigadier asked Mother to lay before the audience a brief of last year's work, also a statement of income and expense. This so touched the hearts of the hearers that over \$20 was given in a very short while, including the open-air collection which amounted to over \$12 of it. Spokane soldiers and friends certainly deserve great credit for the way they have rallied to the assistance of the S. A.

CHANGES.—Adjutant and Mrs. Burr are holding on at Westminster for a few days. Ensign Stanbury and Captain Scott go to Butte, also to supply. Cadet Captain and Mrs. Brown come this side of the border and take hold of Whatcom. Captain Atkinson is resting here at Spokane for a few days prior to going to another appointment. Captain Thoen is also holding on at Westminster for a few days. Mrs. Adjutant Edgcomb has also been on the sick list since she has been home, and one or two other

Successful Campaign in the Sea-Girt Isle.

Naval Boys Sing—W. C. T. U. Ten—'Never Say Good-Bye'—A Token of Love—Profound Interest in Prison Work—Commissioner Come Soon.

By MRS. BRIGADIER READ.
(Continued from last week.)

On Sunday afternoon we faced a packed barracks at old No. 1. "Prison life and its remedy" was dealt with exhaustively, preparatory to the League of Mercy commissioning. For over an hour the interest seemed unabated, and enthusiasm prevailed, culminating in a most impressive scene as the League sisters were dedicated under two flags to their blessed work. We believe failure was impossible, and determination in many hearts present to more than ever emulate Jesus, the first Mercy Leaguer. This was evidenced by the number who stood with the soldiers in a closing consecration service.

"Justice and wisdom." We started in the evening with 50 people who packed the barracks. The justice and wisdom of God's way of dealing with the consciences of men was exhaustively emphasized. I distinctly heard the clicking of the clock while speaking, as of a warning knell to the many hundreds who sat in that solemn meeting and who were never, I feel convinced, but not converted, resisting all the best impulses of their spirits. Two people yielded in the prayer meeting.

I returned from "Round the Bay" after enjoying my visit to Harbor Grace and Carboneer very much, for two months. In St. John before leaving the island, Ensigns Kenway and Newman had well announced my visit and were very kind indeed. I was sorry to disappoint Bay Roberts and Brigus, owing to rush of work and excessive weariness after my heavy tour.

At old No. 1 "Boundless salvation" was the theme, and a farewell meeting took place. At No. 2 a farewell meeting was arranged through the kindness of Ensign Hogges.

Adjutant and Mrs. McLean were also present, with many other officers. Adjutant McLean, though in very poor health, was untiring in his efforts to make all the meetings a success. Large crowds were present as at previous ones at both these last services. "They never say good-bye in heaven," was sung heartily as a finale at my last meeting at No. 2.

TEA WITH THE W. C. T. U. On the last afternoon of the W. C. T. U. arranged for social meeting and five o'clock tea. A pleasant and profitable hour was spent, and happy fraternal greetings given. The ladies promised to assist Ensign Tovel in every way in their power. God bless them!

Measures of love to old comrades and leaders were given in the farewell meetings and expressions of affection for, and loyalty to our dear Commissioner, and Newfoundland friends and Salvationists were most anxious for her to visit the island soon, "and stay longer next time."

Salvationists in the "Sea-girt Isle" are true to the principles of self-sacrifice and devotion. Though my visit was in the worst season, the summer, when hundreds are away at the fisheries, the meetings were most successful, and of fervency and red-hot Salvationism. The singing was of the heartiest character. The praying was characterized by the old-time earnestness which used to impress my husband and I so much when in charge of the work in Newfoundland five years ago. "I have never known a people, who get the best service out of one because of the strong faith given, and the expectancy manifested."

The island has suffered great losses commercially, and otherwise, but I believe the "signs of the times" are a foretelling of future prosperity. The old friends are gone, through removal and death, but there are many who have given their money and influence for years, whose names are known and affectionately remembered by officers in every part of the world.

Ensign Payne is very sad but full of hope. He was feeling I am glad to say, a little better when I saw him just before leaving St. John. Comrades, remember him when you pray, for his dear wife, The Newfoundland Press, as in fact, the papers almost everywhere, published lengthy and interesting reports of the meetings. I have the gratitude of the Rescue Officers.

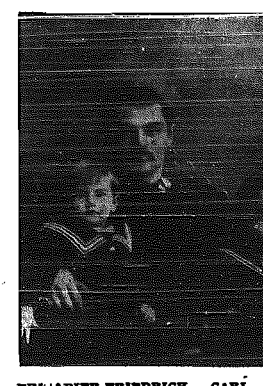
Brigade-Sergeant Webber and his com-

rades from H. M. S. "Cordelia" rendered good service with their music and songs in several of the meetings. Brother Webber is in charge of the Army's Naval and Military League in the North Atlantic Squadron. He is being very much blessed in his work among the men in the Navy. God bless the Army's brave sailor boys!

I can never forget the loving care manifested in my personal welfare, and the warm, deep sympathy, and readiest cooperation shown my loved work by all from the time I dropped weary and travel-stained into a comfortable chair in Mr. Bell's cozy and hospitable home, after a trying voyage, until the last attention paid me by dear Ensign Tovel as the "Bruce" train steamed out of the station at 3 a.m. All the many words and deeds I cannot describe are indelibly engraved in my heart, and I feel like adapting the words of the sainted Wesley, and exclaiming, "THE BEST OF ALL IS, GOD WAS WITH ME!"

A "Man-of-War's-Man" Tells of Mrs. Read's Visit "Round the Bay."

The announcement of Mrs. Brigadier Read awakened within the breasts of many of her old friends of Harbor Grace and Carboneer, thoughts of past blessing and inspiration received while they sat and listened to her addresses delivered over four years ago, and they looked forward expecting to receive new inspiration. I may say here I feel they were not disappointed. Mrs. Read arrived Wednesday afternoon, and with the writer drove to Heart's Content on Thursday and visited the grave of a dear comrade, Charles Ollerhead, who had lived and died a true Salvationist, and planted a flower upon it, as a token of love. He was greatly loved on the Is-



BRIGADIER FREDERICK. CARL OTTO. EFFIE MRS. FRIEDRICH.

land by those who knew him, and was a great friend of Brigadier Read, and as she spoke his father, who is near the river. We prayed and sang with him, and as Mrs. Read spoke of the good life of his son, tears coursed down his cheeks.

We arrived back at Carboneer in time for meeting. A nice crowd had gathered, who gave a hearty welcome to Mrs. Read, and as she spoke of the Prison and Social Work, telling incident after incident, tears at intervals had to be wiped off the faces of many, even some very hard sinners could hardly restrain them. One soul yielded at the close.

At Harbor Grace Mrs. Read commenced on Sunday, assisted by Ensign Tovel, although feeling very fatigued after her laborious tour, she plunged into the meeting with earnestness of soul. In the afternoon pouring plenty of new light into people's minds regarding her work. The evening meeting was also a success, (good crowd, and over an hour of truth) along truth on the subject of "Memory," was poured upon the consciences of the people. Many were greatly convicted. One came forward for baptism.

Monday night the League of Mercy was explained. Mrs. Whitman being introduced as Sergeant-Major of the League in this town. With music and singing a profitable time was spent. We closed the series of meetings with "God be with you till we meet again," feeling much good had been done through the Brigadier's visit.—George Conway, Ensign.

"We regret that through an oversight we omitted to credit the owner of the music published in our last issue ('Say, I know Thou lovest me') Mr. P. Triflet, by whose kind permission we were enabled to use the melody.

OUR KLONDIKERS AT LAKE BENNETT.

A Sea of Tents—Canoe Carrying—Unfriendly Mosquitoes—No Longer "Tenderfoot."

OVER the Chilcoot Pass are we at last, after many a pull and struggle and have our three tents pitched in a secluded spot between two large snow-capped mountains. Across the lake half a mile is our camp. Bennett, as we call it by the way, being nothing but a sea of hurriedly pitched tents. Bennett, as our readers will know, is the point where the Chilcoot and White Passes meet.

Journeymen mercedes and blessings truly have been plentiful, and our hearts are full of praise and gratitude to God for all His goodness in so singularly and beautifully coming to our help, and with frequency that appeared nothing short of miraculous.

It was a very peculiar and not altogether uninteresting sight to see a man, but his individuality possessing them were right under a section of the canoe, and none the less striking to witness the aptitude with which these gentlemen passed safely over the multitude of large boulders, between huge crevices, through mud up to the thigh, and then clamber up rocks which must have been at an angle of 75 degrees. The reader, with the writer, will consider such a skilful accomplishment a feat which the most able athlete might agree in judging very praiseworthy—but was

equally true of Bennett. They quickly hastened to their two open-air rings, and stayed until the very last word was uttered, and then, with their altered expressions, were very much affected. Our income amounted to \$34.55.

"I am glad you are going in," said a kind friend yesterday, as she placed \$3 in our hand. The feeling of the people could not be better. Men and women of all nations have begun to leave the Salvation Army as their friend, and treat it as such. F. M.

Farewell of Brigadier Read.

(Special.)

Good crowd at Lisgar Street last night. Brigadier Read and good-bye. Through severely hot audience stayed on late. One sister rushed to the Cross weeping. Blessed influence. The Brigadier gave stirring spiritual nautical address. Read also took part. Soldiers' meeting followed. "God be with you till we meet again," was sung. The Brigadier is all promised to pray for Brigadier's physical restoration.

READ

"PACK HORSES,"

OR,

"BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS,"

BY

MISS BOOTH,

—IX—

NEXT WEEK'S CRY.

[For Our Band of Love Boys.]

THE PICTURE "DEVELOPED."

I KNOW a boy who has a camera and takes pictures. He took me into his dark-room the other day to show me how to develop a plate. He had been down to the Battery, in New York, that afternoon—it is not a battery at all now, being a little park on the tip end of Manhattan Island—and had "snapped" a picture. He did not tell me what it was going to be, and all I had to do was to watch him.

First he poured clean water into a tray, and then by the dim light of a red lantern took a glass plate out of his camera. "The picture is on that," he said, as he slid it into the water tray. Maybe the picture was there, but what I saw was a pane of glass coated on one side with some stuff that looked like cream. While the water worked, my little photographer was busy with his bottles and measures, mixing a glass full of clear liquid that he called his "developer."

"Now," he warned me, as he lifted the plate from his bath, and placing in an empty tray, poured the developer upon its blank, creamy surface. I watched, no change yet. He was watching the tray intently, rocking the tray gently. Look! there are spots in the cream. The upper part of the plate is darkening. "Sky," says the operator. The shade creeps over the lower corners. "Water," he murmurs. What is this? The very remnant in the central field is taking form. Slowly the clouds appear, traverse the dark sky. A mass of white becomes a vessel with spars and rigging. Two boats, like white swans, tower among the masts. The smoke pours from the funnels. A torrent of foam leaps from her prow and sweeps behind her in a majestic wake. The blank of cream plate has developed into a perfect picture of a great Atlantic steamship. The picture was all on the plate when we went into the dark-room, but it took the developer to bring it out.

I knew a young man who was remarkable for his good looks and genial manners. He was one of those fellows whom everyone likes. So far as his friends could see, his life was as clear as that creamy plate of my friend, the picture man. But the picture man is in Canada now; and it is said that he wakes up in the middle of the night shivering with fear that the police have caught him at last. "That can't be the same young man," you say. Ah, but it is the very same, only he has been in the "developing" room. Smooth as he seemed, he had been exposed to temptation in his boyhood, and got in the habit of being not quite honest. Nobody knew it. But one day he was in his "dark-room," with a terrible light. He saw the picture of his boyhood had been forming flushed out. He stole one hundred thousand dollars, and fled. But the other circumstances were all there, and he was not the same. He will bring to light the picture of his boyhood. Be sure that the picture of your own character comes out well.—Pleasant Hours.



Midland.—Ensign and Mrs. Attwell for three days. Ice cream social, great success. Three souls have been added to the work for the week. We are moving forward.—Captain Creamer.

Carbonara, N.D.—On Sunday seven souls stepped out on the promise of God and claimed pardon through the Blood of the Lamb. To God be all the glory.—S. Bishop, for Ensign Newman.

Pembroke.—Meetings all day Sunday, times of blessing. Mrs. Captain Brindley came to help us, and in spite of rain, crowds were fair. God's Spirit was felt, and we are praying, believing and fighting. Trusting God who is Almighty.—Yours to win, A. Norman.

Gravenhurst.—Glory be to God, we are not dead nor dying. God is very near us and five precious souls have again taken up their cross and many more are under deep conviction. We are in for victory in spite of the devil. Hallelujah!—Mokhamqua, Captain.

Halifax II.—Arrived here a few days ago and found the soldiers all alive at our welcome meeting. God bless them Sunday was a remarkable day. God poured out His Spirit and two souls came to the Cross—one for holiness, and one for salvation. Two happy lads from H. M. S. "Hercules," with us all day.—Captain and Mrs. Thompson.

Victoria, B. C.—Meetings real good. Cadet Allison farewelled Sunday. Gave to push on the war at Nanaimo. May God bless her with success. Our crowd not so large as they might be. Hot weather and loss of outside attractions, are against us; still we march on doing our best.—Yours in the fight.—M. L.

Revelstoke, B. C.—Devil defeated again. After a desperate struggle two souls volunteered to step out from the ranks of the enemy and came over on the side of God and right. Hallelujah! To God be all the glory.—Lieutenant L. Meredith.

Billings, Mont.—We have had good times since coming here. Crowds and finances good, and two souls have sought the Saviour. We are believing for greater victories in the near future. Billings is all right.—Lieutenant C. Walrath, for Captain Bowers.

Nelson, B. C.—Our 7 a.m. knee-drill are all right. One sister came to work for the first time, although a soldier for some years, and was very glad she came. Five souls Saturday night and one at knee-drill next morning. The band is coming on finely. Had their new uniform for Dominion Day. The sisters look well in their new bonnets, and all round they are moving in the right direction.—Beth.

Helmberg.—Ice cream social a grand success. D. G. Hughes and Chatham band in attendance. Ensign Raynor and Lieutenant Carr bade us a final farewell. Comrades and friends, bid adieu to the beautiful Anderson meetings to Captain Coy. Good meetings all day Sunday, and well attended.—Ina Groom, Reg. Cor.

Kewatin.—Last Friday night we had Captain Wilkins and the Cadets from Rut Portage with us, and we were the musical meeting. God bless the band and may they play as well as play many souls into the Kingdom. We also had a beautiful time on Sunday night.—Yours in the cross, Mrs. H. Clark, R. C. J. S. B. M.

Lafayette, N. D.—The officers and soldiers have returned home in a joyful and happy mood, after spending several days at the camp near the front. They were held at Grand Forks. All report a glorious time and feel strengthened and more determined for the war. The Junior School nine miles West of town. They report O K out West. Pushed on in the war. Junior Sergeants. A most remarkable Anderson farewelled Sunday. She leaves for Lisbon next Friday. May the blessing of God go with her. God be with you till we meet again.—Yours in the war, C. DeHaven, Sergt.

Virden, Mo.—Three days. Good meetings but no souls. Mrs. Captain Cromarty is on furlough in the Old Land (England) but the Capt. will be with you, away, and with God for us we shall have victory.—Yours, Wm. McCue, R. C.

Calgary.—Ensign Hayes and Captain Nicholls, who have been a blessing to

Calgary for the past nine months, farewelled on Sunday to go to Regina. They enrolled three soldiers in the night meeting, which makes a larger list of soldiers enrolled during their stay than altogether in the past few years. Hallelujah!—Mrs. W. A. McNelly.

Listowel.—We are still pressing forward with our faces to the foe. Captain Burton and Lieutenant Gatzke farewelled. Captain McCutcheon and Lieut. Bird have come to push on the war.

Morriaburg.—King Jesus is leading and we mean to know no defeat. Open-airs and crowds good. Hallelujah! Jesus lives to save.

Napacine.—Glory! Since last heard from we have had good meetings. One soul volunteered for Christ. Believing for more.—Maud Dine, for Lieutenant McParlane.

Brighton.—We are still at the war. Lieutenant Owen has received farewell orders and gone to Kemptville (in charge per tem). May God's presence go with him.—Captain Kirkwood.



VICTORIA, B.C., OFFICERS' QUARTERS, WITH ADJUTANT AND MRS. AYRE.

Digby, N. S.—We have just said farewell to Captain Ronch and Lieutenant Miller, who have fought a good fight while here, and welcomed Captain McCleod to our midst.—Sidney Dakin, R. C.

Houlton.—Captain Pierey and Lieutenant Gray have lately taken up their abode in this corps. We are believing for a great revival in this place soon. Five raised their hands for prayer during past week.—Emily White, Reg. Cor.

Portage la Prairie.—Victory! Two more souls for salvation. Praise God. Sunday we were all glad to welcome back to the front Lieutenant Snyder, who has been sick for some time. Victory for Portage!—Reg. Cor.

St. Thomas.—Good meetings yesterday. One soul at drumhead in the open-air at 10 o'clock at night. We commenced our new barracks to-day. We are in for new soldiers on fire, getting more of God.—H. Freeman.

Clinton.—The devil defeated. Wonderful meeting on Sunday night. God gave us the victory, and one dear sister (whose husband was converted a week and found deliverance. Glory to God.—Yours in the fight, Ida Bezzo, Reg. Cor.

Temple.—Our open-air meetings are larger than indoor at present, and crowds give splendid attention. A most remarkable holiness meeting was led by Adjutant Barnes Sunday morning. Many comrades stood up promising

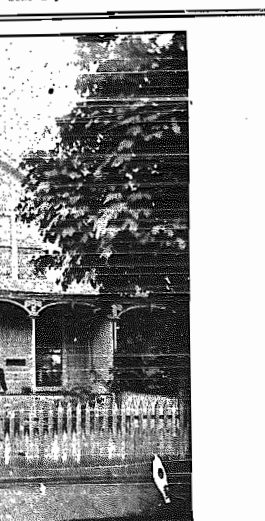
to obey God more perfectly, and seven of them knelt at the penitent form, where they got the help so craved for. Near 300 people must have been present at our open-air meeting at Alice and Yonge street corner, and at the meeting inside two souls got converted.—F. Zurhorst, S. C.

Liverpool, N. S.—Captain and Mrs. Parsons farewelled Sunday after spending thirteen months here. They have gone to Brighton. We wish them God-speed. Captain Lorimer, the big man, takes charge. In God we trust.—Lieutenant H. Hamilton.

Montreal I.—On Sunday Ensign Allen, Captain Vance and Lieutenant Randall said good-bye and are leaving for other parts of the field. They have only been here a short time, but we believe they have been a blessing to many. They have also succeeded in making a big reduction in the debt of the corps. Sunday night a brother and sister came out and testified that the Lord saved them. Ensign Sims was with us for a few days.—C. Harding.

Quebec.—Quebec is O K. The opportunities are perfect, with an open-air, open jail and hospital, open-air, and open-hearted people; while our equipment is A 1, with brass band, soloists, speakers (both blood-and-iron and other kind). We fight to win. We cry out for more of God. Hallelujah! Colonel Jacobs with us a week-end. Three souls, inspired might express the feelings of all.—F. M. K.

Ridgetown.—Yesterday was one of the best days we have had for a long time.



The knee-drill was the largest for six months. Holiness meeting was a season of refreshing, but the night meeting was the crowning time. Adjutant Goodwin, on her way to Ottawa, and Ensign Minnie Green, on furlough, were with us. We had one soul in the Fountain, a real good one, we believe, and had a real mid-time wind-up.—Yours to win, Captain and Mrs. McLeod.

Deseronto.—Since you last heard from us we have had the joy of seeing prodigals returning home. Our brothers have long been feeding on the husks of the world, but failed to find satisfaction, but the Lord has freely pardoned all the past. Now they are saved and happy. One brother walked five miles to give his heart to God.—Yours to win, Lieutenant Dora, for Captain Chappell.

St. John III.—On Sunday night our officers farewelled. Tuesday night the meeting was led by Ensign Pugh, who has lately come to the Provincial Headquarters. The infant child of Brother and Sister Coates was dedicated to the Lord. Brother Coates was also commissioned Platoon Sergeant. Also an enrolment of three recruits. Lord keep them true. Captain Clark and Lieutenant Green have taken charge. We are believing for great victories during their stay.—Emma Sharp.

Summerside.—After eight months' hard fighting Captain Lorimer and Lieutenant Green have said good-bye. God has blessed their labor and souls have been saved. On Tuesday night three comrades

were enrolled. Adjutant McGillivray gave us a farewell meeting. Captain McLean and Lieutenant Traton have arrived to take charge. This is an old battleground of Captain McLean's. We pray that victory may be ours.—Matthie Gamble, Reg. Cor.

Montreal II.—Ensign Sims, with his lantern, paid us a visit. These lantern services are well appreciated. Quite a good crowd came to see it. We are still marching on to victory. God is with us and we are sure to conquer.—W. Goodale, R. C.

Peterboro.—Saturday night and all day Sunday welcome meetings of Adjutant Aikenhead. God bless her. We give the Adjutant a proper good welcome to Peterboro. We are anxious to stand by her and to do our utmost to win souls for God. Sunday night five precious souls sought and found Jesus. Praise God.—Yours to fight, Sergeant May Lang.

Cornwall, Ont.—We have just welcomed to our corps Adjutant and Mrs. Bradley. Saturday night and all day Sunday evening's meeting was one of power. Mrs. Bradley spoke out God's truths straight and plain, followed by a red-hot prayer. The advantage was thrust to the Fountain open for sin. We are believing for many more. We are in to help and cheer our new recruits. Our corps' Correspondent Robert A. Douglas.

Lisbon.—Our D. O., Adjutant Thomas, gave us a farewell visit on the 4th of July, Day of Independence. It being a holiday great crowds thronged our streets. We took the advantage and thrust the claims of Calvary upon the people. Great interest was manifested by them, and they gave very liberally to the collection. We believe also that many hearts were melted and eternity will reveal good accomplished. To God be all the glory.—Yours in the war, Captain and Mrs. Westcott.

Lisgar Street.—Cottage meetings looming up again. There sat at the last cottage meeting. Good open-airs, large crowds. Adjutant Wiggins took an original way to show the people how God is able to keep you saved if you'll let Him. He called eleven ex-drunkards whom God and the S. A. had rescued from a sinful drunkard's life, some over twenty years, some three, and up to fifteen years. It was a noble sight to see and hear their testimonies. Amen!—Brother S. McFarland, Reg. Cor.

Sudbury.—Business for eternity is now transacted around the corner in Mr. J. E. Miller's hall, next door to the Post Office, having moved from Elgin Street. A kind friend wrote us saying that he would leave chairs with us for our barracks. All we have worked like Trojans, and a comfortable little place has been fitted up. In the open-air Saturday night \$200 was thrown on the drum head. Money is to be seen every where up here. During an open-air a fellow walked out of the hotel with a \$ bill over his eye. One backslider returned home. We're going on.—N. R. Trickey.

Minnedosa, Man.—Farewell meeting at Minnedosa last Sunday. Sister Mrs. Mayes and her four Juniors farewelled to go to Pearson, where her husband had gone some time previous. When Sister Mayes stood up and sang, "God be with you till we meet again," it seemed that every soul in the audience was just about to be seen every where up here. During an open-air a fellow walked out of the hotel with a \$ bill over his eye. One backslider returned home. We're going on.—N. R. Trickey.

Corps Correspondents.

The following have been appointed: SISTER MARY J. WELDON, Chelms, Ont., July 13, 1888. SISTER MRS. CORNELL, Omamee, July 7, 1888. BROTHER MOSES LINTON, Uxbridge, Ont., July 10, 1888. BROTHER OLIVER, Newmarket, Ont., July 7, 1888. SISTER MRS. HOLLEY, Amble Harbor, Ont., July 7, 1888. BROTHER ALBERT CASTER, Orillia, Ont., July 10, 1888. SISTER LOUIE STEPHENS, Midland, Ont., July 7, 1888. BROTHER JOHN ESQUIMAUX, Little Current, Ont., July 7, 1888. BROTHER GEORGE MASKELL, Brantford, Ont., July 7, 1888. BROTHER CLARK, Collingwood, Ont., July 7, 1888. SISTER BERTHA DAVIS, Huntsville, Ont., July 7, 1888. SISTER FLORENCE MOFFATT, Fenelon Falls, Ont., July 7, 1888.

HUSTING IN THE HEAT!

In Desperation Bennett Sends His Totals to the Top-Not Yet Mated, 11
Kangaroo in Second-Souths, Slightly Affected by the
Intense Heat, Takes Third Place.

THIS WEEK'S TOTALS: HUSTLERS, 233; SALES, 9,667.

EAST ONTARIO.

Hustlers, 82. — Sales, 2,156.

Capt. Wilson, St. Albans	156
Ensign Walker, Belleville	145
Sergt. Mrs. Dora, Belleville	140
Sergt. Perkins, Barre	104
Lieut. McFarlane, Nanapan	99
Lieut. O'Connell, Port Hope	97
Lieut. Tuck, Montreal II.	72
Mrs. Simons, Kingston	62
Lieut. Norman, Quebec	52
Ensign Gillan, Renfrew	49
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	40
Sister Richen, Montreal IV.	40
Ensign Kendall, Cobourg	37
Capt. Conner, Port Hope	37
Bro. Hershey, Barre	36
Bro. Wathen, Kingston	36
Sister Chillingworth, Montreal IV.	35
Capt. Hamilton, Ottawa (av. 2 wks.)	31
Sister Burk, Belleville	30
Sister Libbie Orser, Pictou	30
Lieut. Dawson, Pembroke	30
Sergt. Jenner, Ottawa (av. 2 wks.)	30
Adj. McAmmond, Kingston	28
Sergt. Major Russell, Millbrook	25
Lieut. Dora, Cobourg	25
Sister Mad Wilson, Ottawa	25
Mrs. Dine, Kingston	23
Mrs. Add. McAmmond, Kingston	23
Capt. Grier, Kingston	23
Adj. Blackburn, Pictou	23
Sister Annie Downey, Kingston	22
Birdie McManney, Kingston	21
Cand. Hoole, Montreal II.	21
Sergt. Root, Belleville	20
Mrs. Sturmy, Pictou	20
Capt. Crego, Sunbury	20
Sister Spencer, Barre	20
Capt. Kirkwood, Brighton	18
Sister Ada Hayes, Nanapan	18
Ensign Parker, Quebec	16
Capt. Comstock, Morrisburg (av. 2 wks.)	16
Sister Lydia Phelps, Pictou	15
Mrs. Juby, Pictou	15

CENTRAL ONTARIO, Southern Section.

Hustlers, 45. — Sales, 1,541.

Sister Maggie Correll, Temple	125
Sister Mrs. Medlock, Temple	100
Ensign Geo. Bowmanville	91
Mrs. Skeddin, Hamilton I.	67
Sergt. Pearce, Temple	60
Lieut. Wadge, Riverside	58
Sergt. Ida Murdoch Lissgar	58
S.-M. Bowers, Lissgar	48
Bro. Dixon, Temple	46
Ensign Savage, St. Catharines	45
Capt. Stollker, Riverside	45
Mrs. Capt. Jones, Brampton	39
Capt. Jones, Brampton	39
Sergt. Mrs. Stevens, St. Catharines	35
S.-M. Bowber, Lissgar	35
S.-M. Beull, St. Catharines	31
Cadet Craig, Lippincott	29
Cadet Woodward, Lippincott	29
Ensign Cameron, Riverside	25
Bro. Chase, Hamilton I.	25
Chas. C. Goodie, Secord (av. 2 wks.)	25
Sergt. Minnie Sticklels, Lissgar	25
Sister Gills, Yorkville	25
Cand. Ketchum, Templeton	25
Sergt. Smith, St. Catharines	24
Sergt. Stevens, Riverside	23
Cand. Lambert, Temple	22
Mrs. Potts, Hamilton	22
Cadet Young, Lippincott	21
Cadet Liddell, Lippincott	21
Uncle George, Hamilton I.	20
Carrie Barnes, Hamilton	20
Sister Lake, Temple	20
Mrs. Moore, Yorkville	20
Adj. Wiggins, Lissgar	19
Cadet Capt. Lippincott	19
Cadet Sticklels, Lippincott	18
Mrs. Thatcher, Hamilton I.	18
S.-M. Bradley, Temple	17
Bro. Lyons, Hamilton	17
Father Curry, Hamilton II.	15
Lieut. Peacock, Yorkville	15
Capt. Rowe, Yorkville	15
Capt. Dwyer, Yorkville	15
Sister Garvey, Temple	15

WEST ONTARIO

Hustlers, 44. — Sales, 2,114.

Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	230
Capt. Heilmann, London	145
Lieut. Hoy, Stratford	120
Ensign Collett, Stratford	85
Capt. Howcroft, Goderich	85
Adj. Coombs, London	85
Capt. Palmer, Stratford	70
Lieut. Burrows, Barnia	70

Ensign Gamble, Berlin	65
Capt. Mathers, Sarnia	65
Capt. Haley, Stratford	64
S.-M. Mrs. Rock, Chatham	63
Sergt. McDoull, Goderich	63
Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas	59
Sergt. Gerlie Yeomans, Chatham	59
Lieut. Copeman, Clinton	45
Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Guelph	45
Sister Hattie Erbe, Berlin	41
Capt. McCutcheon, Brantford	40
Ensign Rayner, Paris	40
Capt. Huntington, Strathroy	39
Sister Emma Dennis, Guelph	39
Capt. Freeman, St. Thomas	38
Lieut. Hodgson, Strathroy	37
Lieut. Carr, Paris	36
Mrs. Glimmer, Simcoe (av. 3 wks.)	36
Sister M. Haldane, Strathroy	33
Sister Mary Schuster, Berlin	32
Lieut. Jordan, Bothwell	32
Lieut. Mumford, Palmerston	30
Capt. Dowell, Bothwell	30
Sergt. Norfolk, London	25
Mother Goodchild, St. Thomas	25
S.-M. Graham, Thamesville	25
Sister Annie Hampton, St. Thomas	24
Ensign McKenzie, Guelph	24
Mother Goodchild, St. Thomas	24
S.-M. Cook, Clinton	16
Sergt. Hockings, St. Thomas	15

PROOF POSITIVE.



"Waal, boys, youse may haugh—but I tell yez Steve's saved all right: Why I seen him down the street just now a-sellin' War Cry."

NORTH-WEST.

Hustlers 12. — Sales, 460.

Ensign Hayes, Fargo (av. 2 wks.)	82
Lieut. Woodworth, Portage la Prairie	50
Sergt. Aggie Bigger, Jamestown	50
Capt. Fergusson, Portage la Prairie	49
Bro. Anderson, Portage la Prairie	49
Capt. LeDrew, Jamestown	49
Frances Mitchell, Calgary	35
Adj. Walrath, Lewiston	35
Cadet McLeod, Edmonton	27
Uncle Dan Ruse, Neepawa	29
Cand. McRae, Minnedosa	29
Lieut. Anderson, Minnedosa	19

EASTERN PROVINCE.

Hustlers, 37. — Sales, 1,335.

Sister Minnie Smith, Windsor (av. 2 wks.)	204
Lieut. Mrs. Hix, Windsor	177
Capt. Horwood, Charlottetown (av. 2 wks.)	177
Lieut. Logan, Fredericton	100
Sister Maggie Holden, Glace Bay	99
Mrs. Maggie Graham, Charlottetown	81
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown	81
J. S. Sergt. Vaughan, Charlottetown	81
S.-M. Cuthbertson, Moncton	70
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton	68
Mrs. Capt. Bowering, Glace Bay	55
Sister Maggie Holden, Glace Bay (av. 2 wks.)	55
Capt. Bowering, Glace Bay (av. 2 wks.)	50
Sergt. Major Marshall, Glace Bay	50
Capt. J. W. Clark, Fredericton	50
Sergt. Mrs. Marshall, Digby	50
Sister Adelle Green, Digby	49
Lieut. Mullart, Woodstock	39
Capt. Jennings, Chatham	34
Lieut. Hudson, Chatham	34
Mrs. Mrs. Gray, Woodstock	34
Mary Ferguson, Charlottetown	30
Sister McFarlane, Moncton	30

PACIFIC.

Hustlers, 11. — Sales, 673.

Sister Lewis, Victoria	109
S.-M. Fennie, Great Falls (av. 2 wks.)	94
Lieut. Galt, Sheridan (av. 2 wks.)	94
Lieut. Walrath, Lewiston	50
Cadet Alford, Victoria	49
Capt. F. Bowers, Lewiston	47
Mrs. Add. Barr, New Whateam	47
Capt. Add. Ayre, Victoria	35
Trans. M. Barry, New Whateam	35
Bro. Kerr, Great Falls (av. 2 wks.)	27
Lieut. Willett, Great Falls	15

NEWFOUNDLAND.

Hustlers, 7. — Sales, 267.

Cadet Sparks, St. Johns I.	60
Sergt. Lytton, St. Johns I.	50
Sister Smith, St. Johns I.	21
Sister Rennie, St. Johns I.	20

Sister Rowe, St. Johns I.	20
Sister Fisher, St. Johns I.	19
Sergt. Wyatt, St. Johns I.	17

Is it possible? Increase? F. P. can hardly believe it, especially when the trend of things is so very, very plainly towards the other extreme. All one has to do these days is to sit and—not meditate—melt.

Ah! A happy thought striketh the melting one. Maybe the cause of the melting is the sitting. At any rate our hustlers this week demonstrate that it is possible, despite the heat, to keep well on the go, and increase.

I appeal to all sympathetic hustlers for their opinion on the following: "Dear F. P., We have sounded the pibroch, and taken up our adversary's mitten at last. The doughy 'H' shall rule the dust, and na for B., of the East, we shall show him a thing or two before many weeks are over. This is but a start, and may half the rate at which we are capable of going."

This sounds desperate, and causeth the pulse of the humble one to beat the faster. But stay! There is saving clause. This remarkable epistle ends with the following: "You need I may yet embrace over a soda lemon and ice cream."

At the very thought of ice cream, F. P. is cooled.

Bennett's accomplishment this week, in the East Ontario Province, brings very forcibly to F. P.'s mind the words of the immortal bard of Stratford-on-Avon, "RICHARD IS HIMSELF AGAIN!"

The feat is certainly worthy of the E. O. P.'s chief.

The following is full of contrition. "I am feeling somewhat guilty and will repent, and do confess I could have helped you a little in the past. As I had no time to figure for the War Cry I did not send the mail, but here goes to do better in the future."

Thou art forgiven, penitent one, only don't forget the dough butter, and I must say in closing, "Be not weary in well doing."

Pressure of space and extremity of heat compelleth F. P. to draw his notes to a hurried conclusion while there is something left of him.

Keep cool, beloved hustlers, but keep hustling.

Yours multingly,

FOUNTAIN PEN.

The Conversion of the "World's Saloon" into a S. A. Barracks.

A splendid victory has been won in securing and converting the former "World's Saloon" into a Salvation Army barracks. The repeated moving of the barracks has been the chief difficulty for years past in Spokane. No sooner were we in possession of a likely place than we were informed by our landlord that on account of this and that and the other, an order of higher rank being nearly the reason, we had better be on the lookout for another building. A suitable place for our purpose was not always found, hence our dear comrades were "shifted about in great style," according to Western dialect. At times the meetings were held in the open air only, the next time we were probably found in a tent. In connection with our last move the Mayor of the city very kindly gave us the use of the City Hall, etc., etc., but now with great joy the sentence passed by the voice of every Salvationist here, "We have a home!"

"The World's Saloon" was known to the city as one of the devil's most different branches abounded there in an unlimited measure, but to-day, after some sweat of brow, and some hard toil and some amount of money, we have been successful in securing this place for a number of years, and making it into a birthplace of peace.

A three days' special opening campaign had been planned. The Provincial and City Staff, the Washington Marine Band, and the Salvation Army were to be on the front. The new barracks with seating capacity for over 350 was packed at all public meetings. Collections, including donations amounted to \$300, so that all debt is nearly wiped off to begin with. God bless the liberal givers. Nine souls for cleansing and pardon. A splendid interest was manifested by all—C. A.

LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!

ANY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST would do well to apply to Territorial Headquarters for information. We can offer most reliable security with interest for \$5000, so that all who can lend from Mason Square, Corner James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

SONGS

Hallelujah Song.

Tune.—I have heard of a Saviour's love.

1 Who can say that my heart is made clean?
I am pure from the stains of my sin,
I have found in this wonderful stream,
Heart-cleansing and healing within?

Chorus.

Yes, oh yes, you may come to this wonderful stream,
Yes, oh yes, there's cleansing and healing within.

Can you say in my heart reigns supreme

A constant desire for the fight,
To suffer this poor world to redeem,
For service I'm ready to-night?

Will you come to this all-cleansing blood?

Will you wash all your weakness away?

You will find in the fullness of God

Power to help you live holy each day.

Adjutant Archibald.

Hallelujah for Ever!

Tune.—Beneath land.

2 I'll hasten on my King to meet,
And cast my crown at Jesus' feet,
The ransom paid, the victory won,
I long to hear His glad "Well done!"

Chorus.

And, oh, what rapture in the thought,
One soul to glory to have brought,
So, Hallelujah! loud and long,
Now and forever be my song!
So, Hallelujah! loud and long,
Now and forever be my song!

Perchance to heaven one day, to me,
Some blessed saint will come and say,
"All hail! beloved, but for thee,
My soul to death had been a prey."

The day is ours, there's no defeat,
Though oft we march with weary feet,
We'll stand at last around the Throne,
No more farewells when we reach home.

Come to my Redeemer.

Tune.—We are out on the ocean sailing.

3 I have found a friend in Jesus,
And He's very dear to me,
He my load of sin has taken,
And from bondage set me free.

Chorus.

Come, oh, come to my Redeemer.
Come, oh, come, He'll set you free,
Heal your wounded, broken spirit,
Give you peace and liberty.

I can trust my Friend, so precious,
He's the One who knows my heart,
Cleansed my soul from sin's corruption,
Saves from all, and not a part.

Sinner friend, come to my Saviour,
Let Him save your guilty soul,
Give you joy where now you've sorrow,
Bid you rise and be made whole.

Lieutenant Malnprize.

Just as You Are.

Tune.—Just as I am, without one plea.

4 Just as thou art, without one
Of love or joy or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
Oh, guilty sinner, come, oh, come.

Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?

Trust not the world—it gives no rest;
Christ brings relief to hearts oppressed;
Oh, weary sinner, come, oh, come!

Come, leave thy burden at the Cross,
Count all thy gains but empty dross,
His grace repays all earthly loss;
Oh, needy sinner, come, oh, come!

Come thither, bring thy boding fears—
Thine aching head, thy bursting tears,
Thy mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
Oh, trembling sinner, come, oh, come!

The Spirit and the Bride say "Come!"
Rejoicing saints ex-cite "Come!"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, who may come,
Thy Saviour bids thee come, oh, come!

Out of Love.

Tunes.—Better world; Christ for me;
or, What's the news?

5 Yes, Jesus left His home on high,
Out of love, out of love;
To suffer death for you and I,
Out of love, out of love!
Our awful sins were on Him rolled,
Oh, look, poor sinner, and behold!
He shed His precious blood, we're told,
Out of love, out of love!

He had nowhere His head to lay,
Out of love, out of love!
He walked the streets both night and day,
Out of love, out of love!

Oh sinner, will you now begin,
Take up your cross and follow Him?
He's promised He would take you in,
Out of love, out of love!

Oh, sinner, will you stop and think
Of His love, of His love?
To have His hands and feet so torn,
Out of love, out of love!
Oh, will you come to Him to-day,
And get your sins all washed away,
And walk with us the narrow way,
Filled with love, filled with love?

THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

To those who think of travelling

to the OLD COUNTRY,
we would like to call special attention
to the fact that we can secure tickets
for the Canadian Steamship Lines,
on very favorable terms. For full
particulars apply to MACOS GARDNER,
8 A Temple, Toronto.



GOING ON TO PERFECTION!

God's Forging-Place over the Jordan.

These solid rocks of truth
God has placed as stepping-
stones between the wilderness
of justification, and the Canaan
of salvation from all sin, and the glorious
indwelling of the spirit of Pentecostal
fullness, that His church may walk
safely and quickly over! This design
will make plain the fact that "con-
secration" or "all for Jesus" is not hol-
iness, as some think. TO STAND ON
THAT FIRST STONE IS TO STAY
IN THE WILDERNESS! In the days
of Joshua, "the people trusted and

passed over." So it ought to be to-day.
The child of God who hears His voice
saying, "Arise, go over this Jordan,"
and joyfully obeys, need not spend
much time "struggling with the promise."
He needs only to know he has sure
footing, and then leap from rock to
rock and land in the place of rest and
eternal fullness! Those who are "over"
are a vociferous company, always tes-
tifying to the good qualities of the
"good land." Oh, for thousands more
of these witnesses.



TALL.

"Papa?"

"Well?"

"How tall is the man who is above
criticism?"—Judge.

Papa would have a hard time to answer
this question.

A man who is above criticism is a
long way taller than the average man,
for the latter may have a tall torso,
but when adverse criticism affects his
pocket, or touches his business or friends,
he is quickly cowed and does not think
it "good policy" to go against the general
opinion of the public, or a good customer.

The man who is above criticism can be
seen more than head and shoulders a-
bove the crowd of politicians and public
men. He is quickly spotted, stands out
as a fine target for slander. He is un-
moved by praise or abuse, because he is
too tall to take notice of it; he is above
speculating in stock that his vote may
turn to advantage, he is not small enough
to resort to tricks, but he is so tall that
friends and enemies can plainly see him
above the rest and can watch him better.

If he is in power he is taller still. His
enemies fear him and gnash their teeth
while they curse him in impotent rage.
Knaves and fools in rival positions dis-
cuss in powerless envy and plot how to
bring him down; flatterers despair in
their fruitless attempts to gain favors
through their smooth, sweet tongues, that
sing slyly his praises; the wicked and
corrupt crumble under his rule, for he
is very tall and can see over the heads

of others, quickly checking the evil and
encouraging the good.

Indeed, he is tall, who is above criti-
cism. He is taller than the majority of
God's ministers. He is too tall to see
the advantage of having many rich mem-
bers and to retain their good favors, he
is too high up to stoop to small tricks,
he is above the bribes of men who indulge
in questionable business.

He is so tall that meanness and selfish-
ness is only high enough to be trodden
under his feet, for his hands part the
clouds and reach for the happiness of
heaven. His eyes are too elevated to be
delighted with the small amusements of
men, for they see the surpassing beauty
of eternal things. His ear is high enough
above the din of the dust to catch the
strains of immortality. His thoughts
are akin to the divine, and righteous-
ness is the road they travel on. Love is
the chariot that carries them, and sym-
pathy and service are the prancing
steeds that pull them swiftly in duty's
path.

Would you like to have a tall soul?
The grace of God is sufficiently powerful
to expand your soul and to raise it above
criticism.
BRUNO FRIEDRICH.

PUSH!

BY ADJUTANT MAGES

Why do soldiers cease to fight?

Want of push!

Why can't they enjoy the light?

Want of push!

Why so shallow in their souls?

Why so few upon the roils?

Why so many bought and sold?

Want of push!

Why are marches few and small?

Want of push!

Why no people in the hall?

Want of push!

Why they always are so late?

Why they're never up to date?

Why found loafing at the gate?

Want of push!

Why the speaking is so dry?

Want of push!

Why they grumble, groan and sigh?

Want of push!

Why the finances are small?

Why the giants seem so tall?

Why no order in the hall?

Want of push!

Why the flag drags on the ground?

Want of push!

Why old War Crys lie around?

Want of push!

Why the knee drill is no more?

Why tobacco's on the floor?

Why you do not make your corps?

Want of push!

Why they do not like to beg?

Want of push!

Why they do not burst the egg?

Want of push!

Why they harden in their shell?

Why they can't God's praises tell?

Why they don't save souls from hell?

Want of push!

Why my brother don't you fight?

Have some push!

Why not die or do the right?

Have some push!

Why not to the Fountain go?

Why not be washed white as snow?

Why, with God within, I know

You'll have some push.

SERGEANT-MAJOR MITCHELL

Of Mandan, N.D.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of
the Salvation Army, published by
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House, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.

Diamond Dust.

BROKEN DAVE GILL.

A SCOTCH STORY.

PRIDE is the natural pickpocket.
If you can't be a sun don't be a cloud.

Don't blame your luck, but blame your pluck.

The obedience of the heart is the art of obedience.

It is hard for bad motives to drive good bargains.

God-sent messages never go to the dead-letter office.

God can make the night side of our life the bright side.

Society's glowworms always shine with a sickly light.

It is not the length, but the strength of prayer that tells.

You will soon be a wreck if you let Satan take the helm.

A big heart and a big pocketbook seldom travel far together.

Wearing finery unpaid for, is respectability going jailward.

At the Angel Inn many a man is made a demon through gin.

Your ideal may easily become your idol unless your ideal is Christ.

When a man makes a fool of himself he generally does the job well.

Live to God's glory here if you want to live in God's glory hereafter.

As a matter of fact, nobody believes in a hell except for his neighbor.

Don't let your memory become a mere row of hooks to hang grudges on.

A prayer for guidance on election-day is quite as appropriate as on Sunday.

Conversion is not becoming better than your fellows, but better than yourself.

The Head that was pierced with the crown of thorns can feel for your thorn in the flesh.

Some people join a church for the same reason that they take out a fire-insurance policy.

Weeds thrive best in richest soil. This applies to churches as well as to fields and gardens.

If you would fare well with Christ, you must bid farewell to the devil.

In a Hutches.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, at the request of an English lord, once abridged the Book of Common Prayer, the entire cutchism which it contained was cut down to two questions with their answers: "What is your duty to God?" and "What is your duty to your neighbor?" This is the real sum and substance of all the catechisms, and includes all that is essential or profitable.

Why Should You?

IHAVE nothing to do with to-morrow, my Saviour will make that His care; Should He fill it with joy or with sorrow, He'll help me to suffer and bear. I have nothing to do with to-morrow, Its burden, then, why should I bear? Its grace and its strength I can't borrow; Then why should I borrow its care?

IT IS ALWAYS BEST FOR A MAN TO KEEP HIS TEMPER. NO ONE ELSE WANTS IT.

A M' feared y'e'll no understan' muckle o' what aa'm gan to say," began Brother David Gill, of Chiswick, in his native dialect; but as the Cry man was born and brought up in sight of the Scottish border, he quickly assured him that his fears were groundless.

"As wa was born in Ayrshire," he continued, "an' ma boyhood was spent in Govan. Ma parents were religious. Ma father was

A Precursor in the Kirk.

an' he died when aa was ten years auld. Aa was a ship's plater at Govan, in Dobie's yard, an' aa gat on well; but aa drifted into bad company, an' learnt to drink.

"Then aa gat married, an' there was twa on us baith aylek. Aa earned

A Penna a Day;

an' aa went on drinkin', an' wa never properly sober for twenty years. "Ye see, aa was brought up in a public-house," interposed Mrs. Gill. "Ma mither kept the pub, an' baith me parents died when aa was verra young. There wa nae prayer in ma hame; aa kenne naethin' about the Bible nor religion, aa, as aa was allowed to gae on as aa leyked, aa became a drunkard in me sirlly twentien."

"Well," continued Brother Gill, "ye unnerstain' that the

Twa on us,

bein' fond o' drink, helped ane anither

In Dockhead slums aa soon found a lot o' drinkin' women, 'cause aa had mooly to spend. Ane nicht aa felt verra miserable, 'cause aa had no money to spend. Sae aa went to the Army slum barracks. Aa was sober at the time, an' kenneed weel what wa was aboot. Captain Johnstone came an' pleaded wi' me, an' led me oot to the penitent form, an' aa began to pray, an' God saved me. That wa sax years ago, an' aa though a doctor said aa would never be cured o' drink cravin', yet God tuk it awa that nicht. He saved me, an' He had keptt me all this time. We hadna a penny nor a bed when aa gat saved. Dave gat saved three months after, an' then we were like a new-wedded couple. We gat

A Braw Hoose

together, saved fifty puns (\$250) in a twelve-month, an' gawe liberally to the corps besides. To God be all the glory."

"Aa must tell ye hoo aa gat saved," said Dave. "The first twelve-month na worked on the Tozer Brig aa was never sober. An got sated time after time. Aa became a terrible drunkard. From the first day aa landed in London aa gat warse and warse. Aa cam in, an' sang, 'Scots whae hae wi' Wallace bled.'"

"But one nicht aa went wi' me wife to the Army. The Captain sang, 'I'm nearer my hame.' Aa thoct o' ma hame an' ma mither far awa' i Govan, an' my heart fattered."

"Aa was convict o' sin through that meetin'. Next day aa work, aa slunk awa' among the gliders o' the Brig, an' aa lifted ma hoo to heav'n, an' wi' me broken heart aa efed, 'Oh, God! I help me to fight the drink.' Aa



"Oh, God! Help me to Fight the Drink!"

to become drunkards. We went aboot the raccecourses, fit-ba' matches, drinkin' in the Dockhead slum barracks, and God saved me through an' through. Anece the cravin' for drink came upon me, but praise God! aa gat victory on me."

Since the wife an' me became Salvationists we've paid all our debts down the North o' England. Ma mither died, but I can't forget her. She always said God would allow her to live to see me saved.

"Our hame in Chiswick is a gran' contrast to the one we had before gettin' salvation o' the house. We are soldiers o' the corps here, an' we baith thank God for the Salvation Army."

Threesoms o' Puns

an' spent in drink. Aa still had a prayin' mither in Scotland an' aa thoct o' her, an' hoo often she prest me to be guid. Aa began to cry. The weight o' me sins fairly crushed the spirit out o' me. We had to pawn our only bed to raise the amount o' our boat fare to London."

"We tuk rooms in Dockhead, abune a public-house," said Mrs. Gill, "an' we continued drinkin'. Before leavin' the North, aa was crousin' the Tyne in a boat, at Howden, an' haad waa across an jumped oot into the river when aa

Was in the 'Blues

wi' drink; but an was rescued in time.

WITNESS BOX.

CADET IDA HEARNES,
Stenographer at the Army Headquarters
in Montreal,
TELLS OF JESUS AND HIS LOVE.

FROM early childhood I have come in contact a great deal with the Army. I have always loved it, and the principle foundation for my love was the fact that it sought the redemption of those sunken in sin, and with loving and tender hands reached for and lifted the poor degraded outcasts of society to a newness of life in Christ. How my heart has always been touched as my eyes have gazed upon the wretchedness of such creatures, brought low by sin and fleshy lusts. As I grew older, I thought I would like in some way to help them, and God pointed out to me that the S. A. warfare was a channel through which I could do much good, but to engage in such a warfare meant fighting the relinquishing of many hopes, and was a sacrifice I counted too dear. At last, however, I got converted and started to live and fight for God, and was a faithful servant for a long time; had stepped out from the world, and was a member of the Salvation Army. Then Satan came with his alluring smile, tempting me with the false and glittering pleasures of earth, and I, in my weakness, was led into sin. I leaned heavily upon the Omnipotent Arm of Jehovah, gave way to him. My opposition as a Salvationist was indeed granted me in the Army. I was never to bear such cruel opposition, taking up with the scorn of the world, and being made the object of much ridicule, when my associates seemed to have such happiness in their life? This was a question which puzzled me much. Why should I be singled out amongst them all? Oh, was he I thought. I had a passionate love for dress, the latest fashions I must have, and went in for the amusements of the world, and with all this I was discontented and unhappy. Why was it? I always was religiously inclined, but I wanted to be a Christian in my own way. God saved me in the Army. I was now convinced of that fact. I loved it very much, admitted it was doing a great work for God, and I longed to be one of the workers, but it meant a separation from the world, the putting aside of all finery, and the donning of the plain S. A. uniform, and I felt the price too high to pay. A backslider? Ah, yes, and no one knows but those who have been in like state, the anguish of a backslidden soul. For months I was convicted, my heart was stamped upon me. I could find no rest. Many a time after an evening's apparent pleasure have I gone to my room to weep, with a heart over-burdened and yet fearing to sleep lest God should require an account of my life ere the dawn of another day. For three years nearly I was thus weighed down, and in glancing backward over that period I wonder that God dealt so kindly with me. Truly His mercy endureth forever, and yet He tenderly and His love again won my sorrowful heart. I shall never forget the night that God again received me and when my sins were rolled from off my burdened heart. Such a relief! It was heaven on earth, and I arose from my knees on that creature in Christ Jesus. Soon after my conversion I was enrolled as a soldier and for eleven months fought the battle of life. There have been hours of darkness when I knew not which way to turn, as it were, but the light has come in, and the path from heaven has shone brightly upon me, illuminating my soul. There have been times when I have been left weak and faint, but the battle-borne left with me, and I have never been the Divine Physician was accused by him, and I can also record precious words to can also record words of triumph, glorious victories, when the enemy has been driven back, and I have, through Christ, stood conqueror. Bless His name! I applied and was accepted for S. A. service on the 1st of January, 1914, and am to-day enlisted "neath the banner of the cross" to rescue poor, helpless, dying humanity. Happy? Yes, as happy as can be. No more craves, no more aches, no more bitter tears, no more sleepless nights. I have the deep, calm peace which comes to an obedient child. I love my Saviour supremely, and love my work to the truth, I have consecrated to the service of God. My past experience has profited, and now I seek to turn others from their wrong ways into the light of Truth and righteousness, and live continually a life of heart-felt praise to my blessed Redeemer for His goodness to me.

IDA E. HEARNES.